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HIGH and well-deserved praise the London *Nation* gives to the work of Lord Robert Cecil. The recent advance of the League it declares is to be "set down tc Lord Robert. . . . But the moral atmosphere of the League is his own. He is largely its creator. Certainly he is its greatest advocate. And though he has had the extraordinary disadvantage of fighting the mean and belittling tactics of his own Government . . . he has restored our almost lost reputation for disinterested thinking and conduct in European affairs. . . ." In his impassioned appeal to the League to act on the report of the disarmament committee, of which he was the inspirer, Lord Robert declared that the only choice of the nations was between destruction and salvation. "The nations of the world," he said, "must disarm or perish. The choice is between life and death. If they will not take the way of safety let them take that of destruction. And their blood be upon their heads." Had the creation of the League but been intrusted to Lord Robert, to General Smuts, to Fridtjof Nansen, and other men of this type, how different would have been the story of these last years and how different the League! We sincerely trust that it may soon be possible to welcome Lord Robert to the United States and to prove to him by public acclaim how warmly his unselfish and devoted humanitarian labors are appreciated even by those like ourselves who are still opposed to America's entry into the League.

SPOKEN in the spirit of D'Artagnan, with a rodomontade and a bravoure worthy of that Guardsman—"I am not that sort of a Christian, and as long as I have a sword in my hand and God gives me the strength to use it, I will." Lloyd George's speech at Manchester was an impressive example of the most swashbuckling, adroit, and unscrupulous of modern politicians at bay. But it was also extraordinarily self-revealing. No gentleman could or would have made so brutal an attack as did he upon Lord Gladstone—who may well accept this as the completest proof that his speeches have pierced the hide of the Premier as have few others. Of any program there was no trace—how could there be when Lloyd George himself never knows from day to day what his next bit of juggling will be? It was only his old stage play of assuming a brilliant offensive and smothering his opponents by the dash of his charge. His absurd assertion that he saved the freedom of the Straits—which he can no more define than could Woodrow Wilson the freedom of the seas—is already blasted by Franklin-Bouillon's story of what actually happened at Mudania where, he says, every additional British advance only made the situation worse. Kemal, Bouillon declares, really saved the day by his superb control of a victorious force of 150,000 men only fifty kilometers from their beloved capital. Lloyd George may not fall as a result of this laying about him in all directions like a veritable Cyrano de Bergerac, but there is no question that for the sake of the peace of the world he should disappear forthwith.

REUNION of the Majority and Independent Socialist parties in Germany had been inevitable ever since a considerable block of the Independents went over to the Communists more than a year ago. There was no excuse for three Socialist parties in Germany. The Independents had an honorable record of war-time dissent which their colleagues of the majority did not share, but that had long since ceased to be an issue. Both parties have stood for loyal fulfilment of the Treaty of Versailles to the utmost limit of Germany's capacity. Both parties also have recognized the necessity of revision of the treaty. If the Independents have not gone so far as the chairman of the majority party, Wels, who declares that "Russia is returning from bolshevism via cannibalism to capitalism," they have none the less become vigorously opposed to the Russian doctrine of the "dictatorship of the proletariat." They have found themselves in constant alliance with their former colleagues, who support the Wirth Government and collaborate in the business of government, and in steady opposition to the extreme Communists, who believe in violence and do not think any capitalist Government worth saving. Primarily the alliance indicates a realization of the menace of a reactionary movement and a readiness to forget party doctrines in the greater need of saving the republic. The fusion makes the United Socialist Party incomparably the strongest party in the Reichstag, 180 members strong. But outside of the Reichstag the fall of the mark, the rising prices, the terrific uneasiness and uncer-

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tainty play into the hands of the extremists, reactionaries or Communists.

FOUR New York morning newspapers, the *Times*, *World*, *Herald*, and *Tribune*, refused the advertisement of the Haiti-Santo Domingo Society concerning the $16,000,000 Haiti loan, which appears in this issue of *The Nation*. The *World*, however, printed the facts contained in the advertisement and an account of its refusal in the news columns—a unique and commendable piece of journalism. The destination of these funds should also be made clear. Senator Borah recently indicated that probably not one-fifth would go to the development of Haiti, and even this small fraction is likely to be used for its further enslavement through land-surveying by which title to lands acquired by American development companies may be validated. It should be recalled that it was the constitution written by Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, and passed by a dishonest plebiscite after the Haitian legislature had been dissolved for refusing to vote it, which made possible American ownership of land. The subsequent story of the acquisition of these lands is anything but savory. Most significant, however, is the announcement in the literature of the loan that United States control, which even by the treaty of our own imposition expires in 1936, is automatically extended for the life of the loan—thirty years. If any skeptic wishes a concrete illustration of the domination of American foreign policy by high finance it is here supplied.

WE have commented before in these columns on the fact that savings banks went through the period of high interest in this country without giving their depositors its benefits. Various excuses—some of them good—have been made, but it is interesting to observe that although interest rates are now on the decline, economic pressure is nevertheless finally forcing these banks to adopt a more liberal attitude toward their depositors. A dozen or more savings banks of New York City are announcing this autumn that hereafter interest will be paid quarterly instead of semi-annually, while several institutions now credit interest from the beginning of each month instead of from the first of each quarter. These are commendable changes toward making it possible for small savers to get something like the same returns on their funds as those enjoyed by larger investors. Meanwhile, however, nothing has come of the effort to induce the national government to cease its profiteering in connection with postal savings. On these funds only 2 per cent is paid, and that only on money which has been on deposit for a year. This is a shocking injustice practiced upon the poor by the richest and most powerful government on earth.

OUT in Wisconsin, Victor Berger is running for Congress again. We hope he will be elected—as he has been in the past, three times—and that Congress will be sensible and seat him, as it refused to do in war-time and after. Victor Berger is no firebrand to set Congress afire; he is a staunch representative of the great tradition of the '48ers who left Germany for a freer country three-quarters of a century ago. His constituents call him "Papa Berger"; Congress could profit by the homely qualities and common sense that make him so loved at home. It is only fair to his Republican opponent, Congressman Stafford, to add that the latter has fought successfully for a reduction in the army.

LAND speculators and privileged interests in California are trying again this year to cripple the State's machinery of direct legislation by securing the adoption of a constitutional amendment increasing the required percentage of signatures on initiative petitions from 8 to 15 when the proposed measure relates to taxation or assessment. The ostensible motive for this attack on popular government is opposition to the single-tax amendment that comes up on popular initiative at nearly every election. Using the very weapon which they seek to destroy, their proposition is No. 27 on the ballot. If it should be adopted, 200,000 signatures would be required to get a proposed law on the ballot, an almost prohibitive number unless the proposed measure had the backing of wealthy interests. Dr. John R. Haynes of Los Angeles, known as "the father of the initiative, referendum, and recall," has enlisted the State's most influential politicians in defense of the law as it stands, and No. 27 will be defeated unless the people are caught napping.

BECAUSE the *Jewish Daily Forward* has a long record of devotion to the working-class the charges of extravagance and diversion of funds which it brought against the famine relief campaign of the Friends of Soviet Russia gained credence in many sympathetic ears. But the *Forward* is Socialist and the Friends of Soviet Russia are Communist. A committee, consisting of Robert Morss Lovett, Timothy Healy, Norman Thomas, Walter Nelles, and Roger Baldwin, chairman, appointed at the instance of the F.S.R., has made a painstaking study of the evidence supporting the charges and finds them without foundation. They report:

> It is perfectly clear that no Communist paper was subsidized by advertising. . . . The organization is frank to admit that it is pro-Soviet and that its activities are carried on by those who politically share in general the views of the present Government in Russia. . . . It is clear that the organization has conducted an effective campaign for relief funds . . . in quarters where no other agency would be likely to meet with success. . . . The committee regards the charges as the product of the unfortunate conflict in radical working-class movements throughout the world.

We have absolute confidence in the fairness and ability of the committee. Now that this unpleasant interlude is past perhaps it will be easier for all the committees—the F.S.R., the Quakers, the Committee for the Relief of Russian Children, the Medical Aid for Russia, to raise the needed funds.

THE bankers' convention showed a measure of international statesmanship, but it made little contribution to social thinking. Mr. Loree of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad suggested that labor could only be rescued from the outside, and as life-lines he recommended government supervision of strike-votes, prohibition of the use of union funds for political purposes, facilities for suing labor organizations, public control of union records, and a requirement of four days' notice of intent to strike. Mr. Loree and the bankers seemed very ready for government control of unions, but very loath to invite government control of business. A certain distrust of the state as an agent of social adjustment seems to be the only point on which capital and labor are in agreement. Regard for the public seems merely a convenient stick for either side to use to lambaste its opponents when convenient—only that and nothing more. And too often the supposed representatives of the public—as on the Railroad Labor Board, which even

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the Secretary of Labor now desires abolished—have proved unworthy of confidence. Mr. Lamont urged the bankers to sympathize with labor's aspirations for better living conditions. We might suggest that the conflict between owners and workers will not even approach solution until business men and the "public" do some hard thinking along these lines: Can political democracy permanently endure side by side with industrial monarchy? Who ought to govern industries—the absentee owners of capital, or the men who do the work with hand and brain, or both? What can the public expect when the driving force in industry remains lust for profit, not pride in creation?

ELBERT H. GARY, speaking in New York City recently, urged upon employers the desirability of protecting the lives and health of their workers, and said that in the last ten years the United States Steel Corporation had spent 100 million dollars on welfare work. There is no reason to dispute this nor to deny that in many respects the Steel Corporation has been a leader in improving technical processes in the direction of greater safety for the worker. But what has the motive been: profits or humanity? Mr. Gary answers the question frankly. Of the Steel Corporation's safety work he says: "It pays in dollars and cents." The company is practical; it pays to save life because such a policy saves damage payments and losses through having to stop operation long enough to pull a mangled body out of the wheels and soothe the feelings of fellow-workers. An employee is a tool—you get more out of him by good care. And much of the Steel Corporation's welfare work is intended to make it certain that the employee remains a tool. Safety by all means; it makes a cheaper and more lasting tool. But unionism, or anything that might quicken the tool into an independent, self-reliant, self-governing human being—there the Steel Corporation begs to be excused.

FASHION rules, even in the solemn world of scientific charity. The old "orphan asylum" has gone; today there are only "children's homes." "Insane asylums" and "pesthouses" have lost their horror for the passer-by; they have become merely "hospitals." The staunch old word "pauper" is an anachronism, *Better Times* tells us; the "pauper children" of the last social worker's generation are today "needy children." Even the reliable term "Bureau of Charity" is metamorphosed into "Department of Public Welfare." "Charity," once of good repute, seems to have fallen into a bad reputation, and social workers everywhere are hastening to bring the names of their organizations into the newer fashion. But there is more than the whimsy of a passing taste behind the change; we suspect that a large part of the new nomenclature arises from a desire to rid social work of the connotations of condescension and snobbery that had become attached to the older phrases. From the day of the individual Lady Bountiful to the day when poverty and disease are recognized as a social responsibility there is a change in more than name.

BEN HECHT, author, Wallace Smith, illustrator, Pascal Covici and W. F. McGee, publishers, have been arrested in Chicago on the charge of conspiracy to send obscene literature through the mails. The literature in question is "Fantazius Mallare," for the text of which we have but moderate liking while filled with admiration for Mr. Smith's delicate, fantastic drawings. The theme of the book is the erotic imaginings of a madman. Only a sophisticated reader could get through the elaborate swaggering dedication or make head or tail of the grotesque nightmare that follows. Mr. Hecht's book is not important, but very, very important is the question whether United States officials of dubious literacy should haul up the authors and publishers of works of art. When John Wanamaker was Postmaster General, Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata" was barred from the mails, and official America became the laughing-stock of all lovers of literature. It is bad enough to have self-appointed societies acting as irresponsible censors but it seems almost worse when officers of the national government go sleuthing after indecencies and with unerring accuracy sleuth in the wrong place. True, the statutes governing the mails provide for such an arrest as this, and the final decision on the merits of this case rests with a court. But whatever the legal outcome, *The Nation* hopes that this case will increase the irritation against indefensible censorships.

FICTION sometimes gets ahead of fact, but the Babbitts, all unconscious, hasten to parody last year's satires. Here is the Rock Island Railroad, celebrating the seventieth anniversary of its first train from Chicago to Joliet. How? Well, the strike is just over, and "loyal" employes must be rewarded. The Rock Island takes a leaf from Broadway. In "To the Ladies" last year Marc Connelly and George S. Kaufman satirized the complacent business man who, at the firm's annual banquet, spoke long and feelingly of his appreciation of his men's loyal service, and as a token offered them—little buttons. The Rock Island sends this record of gratitude to its stockholders:

> We shall commemorate the occasion in various ways. At Chicago . . . we shall present medals to twelve pensioned employees who were in the active service for more than fifty years, and at other points on the system medals will be presented to ten men now in active service who have a record of over fifty years. These records for long service constitute a source of pride to the officers of your company.

Who now shall say that a corporation is without a heart?

THE layman gasps when he reads that the winner of the recent airplane race at Mount Clemens, Michigan, averaged 206 miles an hour for 156 miles, that the contestant who came in second made 216.1 miles an hour on the first lap, and that the winner of the "booby prize" was forced to descend after one lap with only a mere 145 miles an hour to his credit. The young men who took part, however, dismissed their achievement by planning a speed test on a straightaway course on which they hoped "to do better than 220 miles an hour." They did—the next day Lieutenant Maughan made four miles a minute. The days when passengers on railroad trains were whizzed along at eight miles an hour and protestants wrote to the newspapers condemning such unheard-of speed as blasphemous, because obviously the Creator had never intended that space should be conquered so hastily, seem very far away. Lieutenant Maughan, who won in Michigan, and who reported that he was unconscious for a few seconds during the flight because of the terrific pull of the air, covered more than 300 feet a second—and the end is not yet. It may be that some day a humorous young reporter, writing up the race in which an aviator in a specially constructed sealed plane was at last able to fly at the speed of light, will depend for his laugh on these days when a fuss is made over a miserable 248 miles an hour.

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A Plea for Irish Peace

ONE who has recently traveled through County Kerry, Ireland, reports that fear keeps the country people off the roads and out of the fields and that in consequence of raids the county is actually suffering for lack of food and other necessities. Other counties are scarcely less badly off. The country is terrorized. Material losses are mounting ever higher. What is even more alarming to those who love Ireland is the news that a heavy emigration of young men is beginning for the first time since the hope of the New Ireland stirred Irish hearts.

The Free State Government holds the principal centers of population and has the support of the majority of the people, yet its military position is menaced by raids which do not spare the capital itself, and its moral status is seriously threatened by governmental incompetence. The Irish Parliament spends considerable time creating stern laws establishing military courts to judge, and an island prison camp in which to hold, Irish prisoners of war. President Cosgrave offers amnesty to such irregulars as will lay down their arms, underlining thus his threat of dire punishment to those who refuse to yield. Debates on the constitution are perfunctory—made so partly by the helplessness of the Free State Government against England, and partly by the failure of the Republicans to use the machinery of parliamentary action for a searching criticism and revision of Irish fundamental law. These shortcomings of the Free State Government are partially excused by the difficulties which beset it. No such excuse can explain the arrest of Robert Barton, who had been acting with official knowledge as a negotiator on behalf of the Republicans.

But if one is disappointed in the Free State Government, one looks in vain for any group which bids fair to do better. Irish labor gave promise of common sense and a constructive program which it has imperfectly fulfilled. It has not come forward as yet with any policy which may once more fuse the desires and affections of Irishmen. The Roman Catholic Church adds its thunders to the terrors of the state but fails to rise to the task of creating a spirit of unity and peace. There is no hope in the militant Republicans. The words will sound harsh to Irish-Americans who, inspired by a loyalty to leaders whom they had learned to love, like Mr. De Valera and Harry Boland and Liam Mellowes, by a justifiable suspicion of certain Irish-American politicians who oppose the republic, and above all by a devotion to the ideal of a republic which their American citizenship makes them hold dear, are partisans of the irregular soldiers out on the Irish hills. In this loyalty there is room for warm feeling and fine rhetoric. Alas, it does not serve Ireland's cause.

Once it might not unreasonably have been hoped by the Republican extremists that Ireland would rise behind them. But Ireland has not risen. In a country admirably adapted to guerrilla warfare a few hundred determined men may continue in banditry indefinitely; they cannot win or govern Ireland. What they do instead is to terrorize it. If it be glorious to die for one's country, how infamous to devastate it! There are those in this country pleading for help for the dependents of Republican prisoners and soldiers who have been terrorizing 3,000,000 Irish. The number of the terrorists is estimated at some 7,000. But is their lot worse than the lot of the millions of Irish people who, thanks to these terrorists, find their prosperity destroyed, their property subject to raids, and their lives menaced? The terrorizing Republicans are more likely to make Ireland a desert than a free nation. Every village they raid becomes a center of anti-republicanism if not of positive reactionism. For the first time in Irish history the tactics of Irishmen menace the Irish tradition in the hearts of the people. The trouble is that the extremists no longer go to the people with a positive ideal. Once they fought for the right of men to choose their way of life and obedience, but that ideal is meaningless in the mouths of men who would force it on their countrymen by bombs and the sword. Their chieftains, Mr. De Valera and General Lynch, have quarreled; but they go on fighting.

Ireland's continued failure is the failure of a great people to realize their own destiny; everywhere it strengthens the cause of those who believe in strong imperial government rather than democracy. Ireland must have peace and time to reintegrate her various policies. History will have plenty of lessons to draw from interesting speculations as to what might have happened if Lloyd George had acknowledged Ireland's independence as a matter of right and negotiated on that basis, or if Mr. De Valera had himself sat in the peace negotiations, or if he and his followers had submitted to a popular vote. But to talk of these things now or to discuss detailed terms of peace is folly. What Ireland needs now most of all is a truce to herald the new birth of an ideal, a baptism of self-forgetting love for the motherland which will stay the hands of those who would now destroy her under the tragic delusion that they by their strife are saving her from the wickedness of her other children.

Practically the great hindrance to peace seems to arise from mutual distrust. Yet certainly there are men of high integrity in Ireland. Such men as George Russell, poet, economist, and cooperator, Dr. Patrick McCartan, former envoy to the United States, Professor Eoin McNeil and his brother James, Bishop Fogarty, James and Stephen O'Mara, Thomas Johnson the labor leader, and James Douglas the Quaker patriot, are able, upright, and trustworthy men. General Mulcahy, commander of the Free State troops, has shown a more generous spirit than some of the politicians behind him. Cannot such men frame a policy? Can they not show their people the way out of the present wilderness? Might not the arms of both parties be surrendered to the people as represented in the Dail while men like these we have named act as a commission to guarantee good faith and to adjust such questions as might be referred by both parties to them? The commission as a guaranty of good faith ought also to stand behind an offer of a general amnesty to all who will lay down their arms, and it should obtain from the Free State Government a solemn pledge that an integrated and peaceful Ireland will be allowed to reconsider and revise the Constitution which is now in the process of adoption. Once Ireland can gain a breathing space, surely there are forces at work which will restore her health and in the process enlarge by peaceful means the boundaries of her freedom. Only Irishmen can save Ireland, but outsiders to whom Ireland was but lately the home of their hopes and the object of their endeavor have both a right and a duty to insist that blind force on neither side can save the Island of Sorrows from these last and saddest of her woes.

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The Turkish Victory

THAT Turkey has won a colossal victory through the diplomatic wisdom and skill of Kemal as well as by his military prowess is settled by the meek acceptance by the Greeks of the Allied decision to turn over Eastern Thrace to the Angora Government. A former enemy country, it has by its Asia Minor success torn up the Treaty of Sèvres, obtained the promise of the return of its historic capital and of all the territory taken away from it by the Allies when they dictated the terms of peace in 1919. Both sides are now sitting down to discuss details of evacuation and the question of the freedom of the Dardanelles—whether it shall be controlled by the Turks, or by the British fleet, or whether there should be international control. Truly the suddenness and completeness of this change in the Near East situation are such as to take away the breath.

Let us record at once our hope that Dr. Herbert Adams Gibbons of Princeton was correct when he publicly stated that if one of the post-bellum treaties went by the board all others would go. They were all, as he pointed out to the Foreign Policy Association, conceived in hatred and the bitter spirit of conquest. Had he taken sides he might have added that they are being defeated by the very hatreds in which they were engendered. Without in the least espousing the cause of the Turks, we could throw our hats into the air with joy if we felt sure that the demise of all the other treaties was in sight, for we are increasingly convinced, like many British publicists, that until the whole Treaty of Versailles is recast without hatred or the spirit of revenge, and with some insight into economic laws and inhibitions, there can be no salvation for Europe. Naturally the jingoes are alarmed; they are already bleating that if Turkey can return to Europe there is little to keep the other ex-enemy countries from breaking their shackles.

We cannot share Mr. Lloyd George's enthusiasm for his own virtue and valor in dealing with the Turks. Since reading British blue-books on German and Russian atrocities we have lost respect for British official reports on atrocities anywhere. We have as little respect for protestations of British devotion to the doctrine of freedom of the Straits as for the war-illumined doctrine of freedom of the seas. Both mean freedom for the friends of Britain, and nothing more. The fact is of course that Mr. Lloyd George has swallowed his hasty words about Thrace and Constantinople, as he has swallowed many other hasty words, but has retained control of England's new Gibraltar—the Dardanelles.

Upon these political aspects of the problem we do not wish to dwell. We merely wish to point out certain things that the American public and especially our militant missionaries and bloodthirsty bishops ought to do in order to begin to think straight about this whole issue of the Turks and the Greeks. They ought first of all to dismiss the question of atrocities. That this will not be easy we admit. For, although the atrocity propaganda, started with the burning of Smyrna, broke down in two or three days' time in a most effective way, at the same time the old belief in the blood-stained, "unspeakable Turk" has been considerably reinforced. The Turk *has* been guilty of terrible massacres, often by direct order and in pursuance of a deliberate policy of his Government. But at the doors of the Greeks lies the responsibility for similar horrors, even in this last retreat across Anatolia. Indeed, we cannot but feel that the evidence thus far submitted indicates that Smyrna was burned by the Greeks and not by the Turks. But the point is that it is humanly impossible for anybody to weigh today the exact guilt of these nations and to decide which is a little less bloody than the other. Not vengeance but future peace in the Near East must be our aim. Regrettable as it may seem from some points of view, the only thing that can be done today is to wipe the slate clean and to discuss the almost insoluble Near East problem in its immediate bearing upon international relations. This involves a considerable wrench; but as Mr. Cleveland would have said, it is a condition and not a theory that confronts us. The imperialistic designs of Greece having broken down completely, there must necessarily be a new deal and new adjustments.

Next, it is essential that our minds should be free from any religious prejudice. There can be no healing of wounds and no rearrangement of relationships and no working out of a plan to safeguard the minorities under Turkish rule unless these come about without religious or race prejudice. The European world is in no condition to carry on religious crusades if it would. Moreover, it is one of the encouraging facts of modern progress that religions are coming to understand better one another's worth. After the way the Christian world has been weltering in blood, after the atrocities that marked, on both sides, the waging of the World War, it is no longer the privilege of Christians to gather their skirts too closely around them in any holier-than-thou attitude toward the Turks or to treat them as heathen on the supposition that a change of creed would necessarily civilize them. The problem is not very different from our own Negro one of finding a way for differing groups of people to live together in harmony. The best way we know to bring this about is by the efforts of Christians bent on serving rather than on converting, and by dealing with the Turks not as from above to those below but on the common basis of humanity. We do believe that with the right kind of unselfish, concerted action effective moral pressure can be brought to bear upon the new Turkish regime in behalf of the minorities in Turkey.

To many we are quite aware this will seem too idealistic to be reasonable. To which we reply that for more than seventy-five years the Christian nations have been trying the other method. Has there been anything in the results to warrant a continuance of that policy or a belief that if it continues there will be any better results? Certainly it now looks as if about all the treasure and all the lives wasted in humbling the Turk during the war to safeguard liberty had been thrown away.

Dated and Dateless

IN recent literary conversation one is constantly hearing the word "dated." It is used superciliously; it is used with an air of finality. It is designed to convey the fact that the piece of writing thus characterized is so implicated with the special and narrow problems of its moment in history as to have lost all meaning and marrow, all validity and worth. We have heard "Mme. Bovary" called "dated" and dismissed, and Shaw's "Candida" and Sudermann's "Magda" and Hauptmann's "Lonely Lives"; we have heard the frothy and over-eager fling their "terribly" or "quite

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frightfully dated" at Gissing and the Goncourts, at the later works of Hervieu and the earlier ones of Wagner, and we have often wondered whether, upon this view, everything in literature is not "dated" unless its date is today.

This is a curious way of judging books, and points to an equally curious idea of the nature of art. It takes the uncommon, and fancies it to be the rule. A work profoundly and passionately implicated with the problems of its own period is implicated with the problems of all. For only the outer aspect of the problem changes; its essence is as enduring as that human nature from which it has sprung. The really "dated" artist is he who never wrestled with a problem nor went to the root of any matter. Such a one is rarely remembered long enough to be called anything by an impatient posterity. There is, to illustrate from another art, Bouguereau. He is indeed incredibly "dated." You look at those expanses of perfect skin in his canvases and wonder. The heads give him away. Those praying or singing females have no relation to reality and its ways at all. They embody a simper that was once thought merely proper and a sentimentality that was always repudiated in the inwardness of the earnest mind. "Dated" art deals with no problem, is sunk in no foundation, is not concrete, and therefore not universal. Given the right depth and nobility of execution all problems are today's as well as yesterday's, and the war against which Aristophanes protested is as richly woven into man's lasting fate as that which today threatens the same shores and capes.

We suspect, however, that the recent prevalence of this particular way of regarding books and plays has nothing to do with any reflection on the nature of the artistic process. It seems rather to spring from something akin to what the psychoanalysts call a defense complex—an instinctive deprecation of what is too severe, arduous, troubling. If "Candida" were "dated" and done with, for instance, the problem of that woman's relations to the two men in the play would be solved and transcended and life, by so much, easier and simpler. Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth. Most people are not yet clear enough on the nature of the case to state it to themselves; they muddle along as helplessly as ever, and Shaw's creative instruction may be received by the twenty-first century. If Hauptmann's "Rose Bernd" is "dated," we may be comforted by the thought that her story and her fate could happen no more. Alas, it happened yesterday in Spoon River and will happen tomorrow in Winesburg, and if in these places and in Gopher Prairie its action is more hushed and more swiftly covered by the waters of convention and seemliness, that difference is a superficial and transitory one. The tragic facts remain, the human cry of passion and confusion, the accusation and the piteous end. Rose Bernd is in our villages and Emma Bovary parades on Fifth Avenue every pleasant afternoon. It matters little that once she wore a chignon and now bobs her hair. Jack Tanner flees from Anne along every highway and the Johannes Vockerat of "Lonely Lives" is to be found on every college campus in America. All art is dated in the sense that it uses the changing externals of the human show; all profoundly sincere art is dateless in the precise measure in which it deals with concrete problems of fate and character and circumstance. In these is the eternal, constant, enduring, which is nothing less than the nature of mankind itself. Abstraction and falseness only are ephemeral. That which has once flung roots deep into the mother earth remains.

More Treason to Our Rich

LEAVING America forever to take up his residence in England, one George F. Brown of Dedham, Massachusetts, was interviewed by a reporter at the dock in Boston as to his reasons for quitting "God's country." It is with profound humiliation that we here record his views: "I am giving up America for England because I crave the intelligence of the English people. In America I find intelligence in the middle class that accomplishes the great play of making both ends meet. The rich class misses this pleasure. The middle class goes home sober, due to prohibition, which escapes the upper rich class, who get their supply of liquors from the bootleggers, and nobody cares. I am going to England to join the leisure class that has intelligence, which I could have enjoyed in America had I had the luck to be born in the middle class."

Now, in the name of Bunker Hill and Lexington, we protest against one and all of this renegade's statements. We deny that the rich class misses the fun of making both ends meet—the income-tax, so they say, has provided them with the necessary stimulus for this popular indoor sport. And on behalf of our outraged middle class we insist that since prohibition its members go home no more sober than the rich and that if they on occasion reach there free from alcoholic stimulus they have quite as active household-stills as any millionaire. But it is over the question of the relative intelligence of the unco' rich in this country that our indignation waxes warmest. We cheerfully and confidently back the brains of Newport against those of any lords or ladies. If there is any intellectual kind of entertainment given on the other side which has not been seen here we should like to know it. We are sure that nobody ever heard of a monkey dinner abroad or a dinner served on horseback in a public restaurant. We have had both of these brainy affairs, and as for our rich intelligentsia and sport, if they cannot talk quite as much horsey slang, we guarantee that our Reno gives much more ground for conversation than do England's combined divorce and admiralty courts.

What Mr. Brown also overlooks is that if the American rich have no difficulty in finding bootleggers, those busy gentlemen play a most important part at every dinner table of the prosperous in America. Talk about the blessings of prohibition! If there is any dinner party from Sherry's to Pierre's which is without its bootlegger story, we have never heard of it. What has England to match that? Queen Mary and the King? Well, if it is left to us, we will produce rich Americans who after three weeks in London know more about the habits of British royalty than half of Rotten Row and do not hesitate to "tell the world."

No, Mr. Brown is all wrong, besides being shamelessly unpatriotic. But when we think how easy it would have been for him to solve his difficulties by giving away part of his wealth and dropping back to our supremely intelligent and happy middle class on Main Street, we suspect that perhaps Mr. Brown was less serious than he sounds. Is it possible that, like the Englishman who asks in a current play if Washington's birthday comes on the Fourth of July, he was really poking fun at us? We wonder, for the reporter who met Mr. Brown at the gang plank writes: "When asked if he was going abroad to marry a young Englishwoman he refused to answer."

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The New York *World*: A Journal of Duality

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A MONUMENT to Joseph Pulitzer the New York *World* unquestionably is. It is even more than that; it is really a monument to the idealism of the many men from Central Europe who came to America as to the promised land, so joyous at having turned their backs upon the falsities, the hypocrisies, the military autocracies of the Continent that they brought to America a devotion quite unsurpassed by any native born. Theirs was a far keener appreciation of the true principles of a democratic society and of the fundamentals of American idealism than is held by nine-tenths of the college graduates of today who claim admittance to the Sons of the Revolution. True, Mr. Pulitzer was not like three others who left their mark upon American journalism—Carl Schurz, Oswald Ottendorfer, and Henry Villard—a product of the Revolution of 1848. He belonged to a later generation of immigrants and did not cross the ocean as a result of that idealistic uprising which would have liberalized Germany and spared the world its greatest agony had it succeeded. But the fact is nevertheless that New York owes what is today perhaps its most liberal English-language daily to a simple Jewish-Hungarian immigrant of humblest origin, who came to this country friendless and unknown with so little money it is a question whether he would not have been excluded had the laws been what they are today. If men like Congressman Johnson, who are now so bent on excluding all aliens from America in pursuit of the narrow, selfish, nationalistic dogma of "America for those who are already here," could ever be brought to measure the contributions of some of the thousands who came penniless to these shores in foul-smelling steerage quarters, they would surely be shamed into something different. They would at least have to concede that the morning *World* is today one of the few remaining assets in the field of journalism in which Americans with ideals can take pride.

Yet it does not begin to approximate what it ought to and so easily could be—the *Manchester Guardian* of America. For this is responsible the fact that the *World* is and always has been a creature of compromise. Nothing could be finer than the vision of its purpose Joseph Pulitzer published when he purchased it in 1883, which it now daily carries under its "mast-head" on the editorial page:

> An institution that should always fight for progress and reform, never tolerate injustice or corruption, always fight demagogues of all parties, never belong to any party, always oppose privileged classes and public plunderers, never lack sympathy with the poor, always remain devoted to the public welfare, never be satisfied with merely printing news, always be drastically independent, never be afraid to attack wrong, whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty.

His platform, dubbed radical, demagogic, socialistic, and altogether upsetting (in the lack then of the easy epithet of "bolshevist"), called for the taxation of luxuries, inheritances, large incomes, monopolies, all the special privileges of corporations, as well as a tariff for revenue only, and the reform of the civil service—most of the taxation proposals are now law.

At the beginning of Mr. Pulitzer's ownership the *World* (which was originally founded as a one-cent religious daily!) planned to touch even lower depths of journalism than had the *Herald* under the elder James Gordon Bennett. Mr. Pulitzer played far more directly to the base passions of the multitude than Mr. Bennett, yet his was a moving vision of a great daily of the working masses among which he had himself toiled, suffered, and almost starved, until his feet reached the road to renown and to riches. It was by this appeal to the crowd that Mr. Pulitzer succeeded; like many another he deliberately stooped for success, and then, having achieved it, slowly put on garments of righteousness. I am old enough to remember that forty years ago in New York it was impossible to find the *World* in any refined home; it was regarded much as Hearst's *Evening Journal* is today. It was the *World* as well as the *Journal* which Mr. Godkin had in mind when he wrote in the *Evening Post* some twenty-four years ago that "a yellow journal office is probably the nearest approach, in atmosphere, to hell existing in any Christian state, for in gambling houses, brothels, and even in brigands' caves there is a constant exhibition of fear of the police, which is in itself a sort of homage to morality or acknowledgment of its existence." If this language seems preposterously strong today it was pretty well justified at the time by the devilish work done both by the *World* and the Hearst press in bringing on the war with Spain. Then Mr. Pulitzer was willing to outdo Hearst in shameless and unwarranted sensationalism lest Hearst inflict on his papers irrevocable injury. That chapter in the *World's* history is not one to be read with satisfaction today by anyone connected with it.

But like Mr. Bennett's *Herald*, the *World* grew more conservative with time, because its permanence was established, because Mr. Pulitzer himself grew older, and because he and his family came to a social prominence in which a more sober appearance and less sensationalism in their chief newspaper had their merits. It is undoubtedly true also that the change lies in part in our own altered vision. A first page which horrified New York in 1880 would seem tame and commonplace today. As Pulitzer outdid Bennett so did Hearst's yellowness make the *World's* seem merely a sickly pallor. Nevertheless the *World* has been for decades under the spell of Mr. Pulitzer's constant admonition to his editors to hold its popular following. In modern slang, he wanted a "high-brow" editorial page embodied in a "low-brow" newspaper. This Pulitzer policy has long exerted an unfavorable influence upon the *World* and caused it to lose the great opportunity of becoming the newspaper of the thoughtful middle-classes which Mr. Ochs and his *Times* seized—to the community's loss, for the liberal editorial page of the *World* would accomplish great good in thousands of homes in which the dull reactions of the *Times's* editorial writers do harm. For decades, and long, long after the *World* was rich enough to buy the best of paper and ink, it kept to its poor ink and newsprint in craven fear lest, if it presented as clear and typographically handsome a front page as that of the *Times* or the *Evening Post*, the toiling masses who rush downtown on the East Side elevated railways or surge across the bridges would abandon it. Only within the last few years has the *World* slightly spruced up its appearance without as yet, however, so improving it as to become

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the formidable rival to the *Times* in the more influential quarters of the city it ought to be. One hesitates to put one's own opinions against those of the able business men who builded, with Mr. Pulitzer, the newspaper's success, yet I have a very strong feeling that as the *Manchester Guardian* has a large labor following, so the *World* could years ago have improved its appearance and yet held a labor constituency had it so desired, or had its editors and owners had the vision and the necessary courage. I am emboldened to believe that this is not a wholly mistaken theory of mine by the fact that the *World* is now turning in this very direction. It has not only improved the quality of its ink and paper; through the addition to its staff of Messrs. Walter Lippmann, F. P. Adams, and Heywood Broun it is reaching out for a new group of readers since those gentlemen, for all their merits, will not appeal to the masses. After all, the workers are best drawn to a daily like the *World* by a friendly, understanding, appreciative, and just editorial attitude toward the aspirations of labor. Even now, I think, the *World* could cut deeply into the *Times's* field; but the fear of circulation losses among the populace still keeps the management from bettering the paper other than slowly —too slowly for quick results. The insiders believe that they have exchanged about 90,000 new readers for a similar number of the old following lost. It is interesting to note that the circulation of the *World* was 382,087 on October 1 of this year; it was 395,495 in October, 1912, when the price was, however, only one cent instead of two. It sank to 346,289 in 1918.

This apparent duality of aim is everywhere in evidence. Alongside of excellent and worth-while reporting there are still occasional vulgarities, often lapses of omission, and much poor recording of events as in labor matters; alongside of admirable foreign correspondence, notably in the Sunday issue, appear crude and sensational articles bent on keeping up the large Sunday sales. The *Times* sells nearly 600,000 copies on Sunday without that abomination known as the "Sunday Comic"; the *World* sticks to its distinctly inferior supplements of this type. But the most striking illustration is, after all, its relationship to the other daily published under the same roof and owned by the same persons, which hides behind the reputation of the morning *World*. The *Evening World* is the black sheep of the family, about whose whereabouts and mode of life one does not inquire too carefully. Like others of questionable repute, this denizen of Park Row lives for the moment and the hour. It is of the earth earthy, although it, too, has been growing more respectable. It profits largely by its mode of life and it has even been rumored that the proceeds of its lack of high character have at times been of generous reinforcement to the purse of the more respectable member of the family.

So it is of the latter that one thinks when one talks of the New York *World*. When Senators and Congressmen rise, as they frequently do, to speak with admiration of the courage and outspokenness of the *World* they mean, of course, the morning edition. The *Evening World* rigidly continues the original Pulitzer policy of playing down to the lowest taste of the masses; the morning edition slowly but steadily worms itself into politest society and does so in part by calling to its service the pens of men like Frank A. Vanderlip, H. G. Wells, A. G. Gardiner, Joseph Caillaux, André Tardieu, George N. Barnes, and Maximilian Harden —though it carefully prefaces their articles with a disclaimer that their views are its own—and many another writer of world-wide fame. Indeed, the most reliable foreign correspondence is to be found in its columns. In the perusal of no other New York daily does one rest as safe in the belief that its correspondents are writing what they think, untrammeled either by editorial inhibitions or by subconscious consciousness of the paper's prejudices and policies. Like the Baltimore *Sun*, the *World* gave great attention to the reporting of the Washington Conference by many distinguished writers from all countries and all points of view—it brought over Mr. Wells. Yet it did not profit by this as much as it should have, again because of its appearance. It deliberately hides its own light under a bushel. The ordinary city reporting is probably as well if not better done on the *World* than on any other New York daily, but its editors have been known to bewail, quite as if they could not correct it if they would, the shocking decadence of the modern reporter. Best of all is the freedom of the news columns from control by advertisers, which is complete.

Independence is the *World's* stock in trade. To its honor be it said that it was the first to become, with the New York *Evening Post* and the *Springfield Republican*, really independent politically. That, too, was Joseph Pulitzer's policy, and right nobly has the paper clung to it despite its natural leanings to the Democratic Party. Its championship of Grover Cleveland, its espousal of the cause of Woodrow Wilson were of enormous benefit to those two Democratic Presidents—Mr. Cleveland almost directly attributed his first victory to its support. Its refusal to accept the specious and superficial Bryan went a long way to insure that gentleman's defeats. In the local politics of New York City it has never faltered in well-doing; yet after years of battling for reform it pays its share of the price the whole press pays for its loss of public confidence by seeing the candidates it and every other reputable newspaper opposes overwhelmingly elected and reelected. Despite Joseph Pulitzer's admonition to its editors "never to lack sympathy with the poor," despite the great hold it has had upon the laboring classes, the *World* has not escaped the wide criticism of New York's dailies that they are of the "kept press," and that they reflect primarily the views of the great capitalists. Yet it has waged some tremendous fights for the people against those capitalists.

It has at times, for instance, wanted to abate the Stock Exchange. It attacked its own hero, Grover Cleveland, in the matter of a national bond issue which he sold to the House of Morgan at a greater profit to them than was earned by all the bankers combined who floated the loans of the Civil War. It compelled him to convert the next issue into a popular one, thus giving the public a chance to subscribe and saving a high commission to the Government —there never was a secret bond issue after that. It has fought nobly against special privilege in the form of tariffs, subsidies, grabs, bonuses, and all sorts of raids upon the Treasury. It has not hesitated to oppose the Government in many of its overseas ventures such as the mad policy of Mr. Cleveland in the Venezuela matter. Nobody forgets like the American public and it forgets nothing so rapidly as a newspaper's good deeds. Indeed, the daily is usually judged every day afresh and a single stumble today will bring down a torrent of abuse no matter how white the record may have been for years before. So it is a fact that today the *World* does not stand so well as a champion of the people as it did two or three decades ago, and that it is the

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object of widespread suspicion among people who ought to be its friends and admirers. It has lost and not gained ground.

But blame for that is by no means wholly to be laid at the door of the public; the newspaper is itself at fault because its liberalism has had grave lapses, because it is not always consistent, and because it curiously lacks driving force in its efforts to ram home its views. The occasional inconsistency is doubtless partly due to the mechanics of the editorial page; it seems as if the editor on duty evenings were sometimes overruled the next day. Joseph Pulitzer in praising the alertness and promptness of expression of editorial opinion of the *Evening Post* once complained to me bitterly that he could not get his "editorial gentlemen" to write on events the day they occurred. In connection with its failure to win for its usually sound, wise, and admirably expressed views the attention and influence they deserve, it is to be noted that Henry Watterson did Mr. Frank I. Cobb, the *World's* chief editor, the disservice to characterize him as the greatest editorial writer of this generation. Comparisons are still odious, if only because they set people to measuring and judging. Clear, cool, able, forceful in the presentation of his views, excellent user of English, Mr. Cobb has never equaled Rollo Ogden at his best before the Great War gravely tarnished the latter's liberalism and he took his plunge into the dull senescence of the *Times's* editorial page. Then Mr. Ogden wrote with a passion for justice and righteousness which no one equaled after the retirement of his exemplar, Edwin L. Godkin. It was Mr. Ogden's fiery pen as much as any one's which made the McKinley Cabinet counsel one morning during the Spanish War whether it should not have the editors of the *Evening Post* and *Springfield Republican* indicted for treason; it was his pen which with a single stroke punctured the dangerous Hearst boom for the Presidency in 1904. That particular quality of passion Mr. Cobb lacks; nor does he somehow use as effectively as might be the weapon of reiteration which was one of the deadliest in Mr. Godkin's arsenal. There is, in other words, often a failure to follow through the stroke.

Perhaps the point can best be illustrated by a really great editorial which Mr. Cobb published, double-leaded, in the *World* on December 5, 1920, entitled An Antiquated Machine. To it was devoted the entire editorial page of that issue; had it appeared in one of the weeklies which are called radical it would have been denounced as dangerously revolutionary. Had it been printed in the conservative *Tribune* or *Times* it would have created a national sensation. For it declared the truth that our Constitution is outworn, our scheme of government hopelessly antiquated and inefficient, our Congressional system as if planned to exclude the best minds of the country "except by accident." "The cold inexorable fact," Mr. Cobb wrote, is that "the Congressional system is no longer adequate to the political necessities of 105,000,000 people. The failure of government is largely the failure of that system, and until the legislative machinery is modernized the affairs of government are bound to go from bad to worse no matter what party is in power or what its policies or promises may be. An ox-cart cannot do the work of an automobile truck, and an ox-cart does not cease to be an ox-cart when it is incorporated into the Constitution of the United States." But Mr. Cobb did not stop there. "We talk much of representative government in the United States, but we have no representative government." The political, social, and economic conditions of 1920, he pointed out, "bear little relation to the political, the social, and the economic conditions of 1787, yet the American people are trying to make a governmental machine which was constructed under the conditions of 1787 function under the complex conditions of 1920 and are bitterly complaining because they do not get better results"—a sentiment which is as if lifted bodily from the creed of the wicked *Nation*. Then behold this dangerous iconoclasm:

> During the first half of the nineteenth century the United States remained the model of all nations seeking self-government. It is no longer the model. Of all the new republics that came into existence as a result of the Great War, not one of them has fashioned its machinery of government after that of the United States. All of them have adopted the British parliamentary system as adapted to the uses of a republic by the French. All of them have rejected congressional government in favor of parliamentary government. All of them have made their government directly and immediately responsible to the people whenever an issue arises about which the will of the majority is in doubt or in dispute. In consequence all these governments have become more democratic than that of the United States, more responsible to public opinion and more responsive to public opinion than that of the United States, and more closely in touch with the general political sentiment of the country than that of the United States.
>
> Instead of remaining the leaders in the development of democratic institutions, the American people have lagged behind. They cling obstinately to most of the anachronisms of their Constitution although they are wholly indifferent to the great guaranties of human liberties embodied in the Bill of Rights. They retain a legislative system that time has made obsolete; but they have forgotten all about the principles of local self-government which was at the foundation of the republic, and they have equally forgotten all about the rights of the minority which are at the foundation of all freedom. While holding to the letter of their Constitution, they have so far perverted its spirit that the United States is now the one country among the great civilized nations in which the will of the people can never be definitely ascertained, in which it can never definitely be put into effect, and in which it can be successfully overruled whenever a political cabal is organized for that purpose.
>
> Every intelligent American citizen knows that the machinery of government is breaking down. He knows that the public confidence in government is at the lowest ebb. He knows that government has ceased to function in harmony with either the political or economic necessities of the people, that it is rapidly becoming a thing apart from the actual life of the country and in a great degree indifferent to the life of the country. It is a huge, clumsy machine that requires a maximum of energy to produce a minimum of results, and those results are often worse than no results at all.

Surely so startling and revolutionary an editorial—the only one in more than two years to which the *World* devoted its entire editorial page in one issue—ought to have brought down on the *World* the wrath of 100 per cent patriots, of every one of the multitude of worshipers of things as they are. The society for the preservation of the constitution, whose headquarters are in Washington, ought to have solemnly resolved that the *World* was a traitor to its country. The American Legion ought to have risen in its wrath to point out the truth that if the *World* had published such an editorial during the war Mr. Cobb and Mr. Pulitzer would have gone to jail—many went for saying less. Wall Street ought to have removed all its financial advertising from the *World*, and the New York State Chamber of Commerce should at least have demanded that Mr. Cobb be finger-

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printed. None of these things happened; indeed, so far as it was possible to ascertain without having subscribed to the clipping bureaus, the editorial attracted surprisingly little attention—do not editors read the Sunday *World*, or do they prefer to golf? Or is it due to the absence in the editorial of the passionate ring of the reformer who must be heard no matter what the price? Certain it only is that the Constitution and our legislative system did not rock as they should have. More seriously, how has the *World* followed up this magnificent beginning? Has it, after the manner of Joseph Pulitzer at the time of the secret bond deals, made itself known throughout the country as the ardent, flaming exponent of the growing demand that the strait-jacket of an outworn Constitution under which we live, and upon which our highest officials spit as and when they choose, shall be changed? On the contrary, I venture to assert that 98 per cent of the faithful readers of the *World* are unaware of its views on this subject; they have certainly not had it drilled into them day by day, or week by week, how grave the national emergency is which is set forth in that leader. No, the *World* is not living up to the great opportunity which here offers itself to make the public realize whither we are drifting, and to lead the country toward gradual reforms without which we shall some day have an overturn as far-reaching as the Russian.

But there is still another vital reason why the *World* does not lead as it once did. The *World's* editors were of those liberals who failed utterly to see that when liberalism strikes hands with war, liberalism withers if it does not die. The *World* supported Woodrow Wilson because he proclaimed in his "New Freedom" largely the *World's* own gospel of social and political reform. Today the progressive movement in America which looked so hopeful in the first three years of Wilson's Administration is flat on its back, every reform cause is checked when it is not dead. The "New Freedom" reads like a travesty today; or like a note out of the long dead past. It bears no relation whatever to current political action, and no one more than the *World* bewails the political reaction of the hour—a reaction which was as inevitable after the war as the following of night upon day and which it itself did its full share to create. Far-sighted editors truly steeped in democratic liberalism would have foreseen this; Mr. Pulitzer would certainly never have been taken in by such phrases as the "war to end war" and "making the world safe for democracy" and the rest of the war humbug whose falsity and hypocrisy have been and are hourly being demonstrated by every event from Paris to Mesopotamia. In vain in the sight of so experienced a bird would those nets have been spread.

But the *World* and Mr. Cobb differed but little from the ordinary run of dailies and editors. They were silent or mildly protested while liberalism was done to death; while every right that American citizens were guaranteed was trampled underfoot with the consent and approval of the great prophet of liberalism, Woodrow Wilson. During the greater part of the war the *World* ran with the herd and was as rabid and poisonous as the rest. Only long after the mischief was done and all danger to the protestant was over, when the new chains, not yet broken, had long been welded upon us in place of the "New Freedom," did Mr. Cobb speak—bravely, eloquently, ably, persuasively, effectively. But the *World* ought to have suffered for assenting to the eclipse of political independence, the muzzling of the press, the denial of the famed historic American right to one's conscience at any and all times, and it has suffered. Nor can it soon recover from this unpardonable lapse from the principles of its founder. How can the masses be expected to rise to a leader who falters and keeps silence when the enemy is most powerful and in control? To its blind faith, too, in its idol, Mr. Wilson, must be attributed some of the *World's* vagaries in regard to the League of Nations. It seems incredible that it really swallowed so many of the pro-League arguments because, democratic methods being its specialty, it ought to have resented most strongly the undemocratic character of the League. Last of all American newspapers should the *World* have given currency to the idea that, if we had entered the League, the whole history of the last three and a half years in Europe would have been different, that all would have gone as happily as a marriage bell. For that totally ignores European economic conditions and the fact that the infamous Treaty of Versailles is at the bottom of the present rapid collapse of Europe, and that the League is hopelessly woven into the texture of the treaty. Far more defensible is the contrary belief that if the United States were in the League, under a Harding and a Hughes, this country would have thrown its weight to the imperialists of Europe, especially to the French. Surely if Lloyd George could make no headway against the French policies there is little to make us believe that the United States could or would have.

A final illustration of the *World's* limping anti-imperialism is that after so bravely fighting against American conquest of the Philippines, it only recently discovered our bloody imperialism in Santo Domingo and Haiti. Yet the principle at stake and the menace to our own political and moral welfare are the same. One can only add again that the *World* limps far less than others, that it does often see some things where others are totally blind. But it is sad to see it using the alleged Kipling interview deliberately to arouse bitterness against England, and a worthless interview with the contemptible, brainless Ludendorff to increase ill-will in the United States against Germany and to play Germany and France off against each other again. This is treason to the old *World*. Can it be a deliberate policy of a recent accession to the managerial staff?

One word more: From all accounts there is much democracy in the *World's* inner organization. With this the modesty and self-effacement of the Pulitzer brothers, Ralph and Joseph, must be duly recognized. Whether because of good taste or for other reasons, they have, thank fortune, never utilized their positions to secure political office, or to plaster their names all over their papers after the manner of Hearst, or to feather their nests. They have, if an outsider can judge aright, given free play to their editors. The shortcomings of the *World* are not due to its being controlled either by business considerations, or by any selfish dominance of the owners.

Contributors to This Issue

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES is the pastor of the Community Church of New York and a fearless leader of the liberal movement in America.

LUDWELL DENNY, an American newspaperman, mailed his article on the Greek revolution in Constantinople, where he is acting as *The Nation's* special correspondent.

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"Onward, Christian Soldiers!"

The Churches and the Near East Crisis

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

I.

THE churches have been pretty active during the last two or three years in agitating for peace. They have been doing rather impressive work in advocating disarmament, fostering international contacts, denouncing the ills of war, and sustaining the various conferences, such as those at Washington, Genoa, and the Hague, to say nothing of the League of Nations meetings at Geneva, which have had for their aim the maintenance of peace. They have even gone so far as to participate with out-and-out pacifists in No More War demonstrations in this country and abroad, and thus have committed themselves to what looks like a pledge to oppose "the next war" when it comes. In utterances of religious leaders, in resolutions of ecclesiastical conventions, in identification with public movements for international amity and concord, we seem to find evidence that the churches are at last definitely undertaking to hasten the coming of that day when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

But how seriously is all this display of Christian idealism to be taken? With no seriousness at all, say many critics, who see it against the background of what happened in 1914-1918. "I can't imagine how the church has the face to exist," says Bernard Shaw, "after its recreancy during the war." Is this not a mild way of putting the situation? If the churches were content merely to "exist," it might not be so bad; but to stir up all this fuss and furor as advocates of peace is well-nigh unpardonable. Advocates of peace, forsooth! Why did they not advocate peace when there was no peace, and humanity was perishing for lack of champions of a lost cause? Why did they not oppose war when war was ravaging the earth with ruin, and challenging Christians as a pestilence challenges physicians and sanitarians? Why did they not publish sermons, pass resolutions, "cry aloud and spare not," when sedition acts were on the statute books, and words of truth and love were punished with prison sentences? If any fact of history is plain it is that the churches as a whole, in 1914 and after, not only did not oppose belligerent governments in their works of evil, but actually aided and abetted them. They supported war, denounced and derided peace, preached hate, and—of all sins the most heinous!—urged on the persecution of those who pled for reconciliation. The churches had opportunity to show their courage and sincerity of faith upon this peace question and deliberately refused to take it. For them to talk now about peace is as nauseating as for a man, rising from an act of adultery, to talk about chastity. Their activities in the cause are fraudulent, like the selling of shoes with paper soles, or of fire-extinguishers loaded with gasoline.

This is savage criticism—not justified, perhaps, by the facts. Were not the churches caught unawares in 1914, like all the rest of the world? Is not their present agitation for peace an evidence of their repentance and their resolve not to be trapped again? At any rate, is it not the part of decent Christian charity to give them the benefit of the doubt until they are tried again? Before we spew the churches out of our mouths, as the Lord spewed the church in Laodicea, should we not await another crisis, another coming on of war, and see how they act?

II.

Well, another crisis has come; for weeks the world has trembled on the edge of another universal catastrophe of arms. Before these lines are printed the powder-keg in the Near East may have blown up and scattered its flaming fragments across the borders of every European state. It has been, and still is, a time of dreadful import for humanity—a time for every opponent of war to make his opposition known, for every lover of peace and Christian brotherhood to pledge himself unfalteringly to God. One word spoken wrongly, like one sentry-shot fired rashly, might change the face of history. Here's a chance for the churches to show their faith. And what have they been doing?

In the first place, in spite of all their professed opposition to war in general, the churches have not lifted up their protest against *this war*. There have been a few straightforward sermons from clergymen who see clearly and speak truly. There have been a few resolutions against precipitate action. There have even been some definite disavowals of any *desire* to use force for the solution of Near East difficulties. But nowhere has there been an uprising of Christian congregations against war at any price, as in the Great War there was an uprising of Christian congregations against peace at any price. England has been nearest to the flaming brink in this crisis, and Lloyd George has encountered formidable opposition to his war policy. But we doubt if he has lost a moment's sleep in worrying over the possibility of his meeting with the opposition of any considerable portion of the English church, either Anglican or Non-Conformist, if he lifted the banner of war against the Turk. On the contrary, we wager that, if there is any group of people that he has felt sure of from the beginning, it is the church people.

But this is not the worst! For the churches have not only not worked concertedly for peace in this great crisis, but have actually urged on war! Thus the religious press, with a few notable exceptions, lost not a moment in fanning the kindling flames. The *Christian Register* on September 21 published a two-page editorial headed "America, Go Forward!" Stating that "America has come to the parting of the ways," the *Register* declared that "we must take our place now, formally and officially, with the Powers of the world which give best promise of ending this monstrous, unnecessary, age-old horror"—i.e., "Turkish ascendency." Sounding the trumpets of alarm, this paper went on, "We are probably on the threshold of a real war of the world, a war, at last, between Occident and Orient. The theater of the Ægean is itself a symbol of the cosmic character of the possible engagement. Precisely as the Great War ended our isolation . . . so we now learn with a shock that our own safety and permanence depend upon our taking all the risks of living dangerously." So it's

Once more into the breach, dear friends,

—"to make the world safe for democracy" again, we sup-

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pose. At any rate, the *Register* reminds us of what President Wilson said in his speech of April 2, 1917, when he took us into war: "Neutrality is no longer feasible or desirable where the peace of the world is involved and the freedom of its peoples." Just so, says the *Register!* "We can not be neutral in such an hour." And then it concludes with a final appeal, "It is unnecessary to recite the part we played in the Great War. . . . The present menace in the Near East is greater than the recent war in all respects. It is a real world crisis. We can not turn back." We must be in this next war, in other words, at the drop of the hat! Whether on the side of our whilom ally, England, or our erstwhile ally, France, deponent saith not.

Church leaders were not slow in keeping pace with church newspapers. Dr. James Gannon, Junior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the South and representative of the American Church and Relief Organization, sprang into prominence in a single night as a spokesman of militant Christianity. Calling for the intervention of the United States in the Near East situation, Dr. Gannon said, (New York *Times*, October 1): "I know that what I advocate might mean war, but if necessary it would be justifiable." In apparent dread of his own remarks, and in open disagreement with his fellow-warrior, the editor of the *Christian Register*, the Bishop hastened to assert that "it would not be so much of a war. . . . It is not sensible nor reasonable to admit that five or six million Turks, with perhaps 100,000 effectives, can defy the whole world. If America would join with England in calling the bluff of the Turks and their friends, there would probably be no war."

Church conventions, however, proved to be really "the real thing" in this war business. Thus the Episcopal General Convention, appropriately at the instance of that famous khaki priest, William T. Manning, passed a resolution calling on the churches "especially to create a public conscience which shall support our President and Secretary of State in any effort, diplomatic, naval, or military, that they may take toward the establishment of justice, mercy, and peace in these stricken lands."

Still more striking, from the standpoint of Christian sentiment "pure and undefiled," is a resolution adopted by the National Association of Local Preachers of the Methodist Church. This "protests against the continuance of the Turkish Government under present and past executive administrations, and urges that either the League of Nations end at once such administration, or the righteous nations of the world take the matter at once under proper supervision and make a new humane Turkey, or *wipe it forever off the map of the world.*" Selah!—and also hurrah!

Is it any wonder that responsible and peace-loving churchmen, like Dr. Charles S. Macfarland, Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches, should feel genuine alarm at these appeals to Mars by professing Christians? Yet even Dr. Macfarland, with the best intention in the world, could say nothing more than that the churches are divided on the issue. "While the churches," he declared (New York *Times*, October 6), "are a unit in the belief that our Government ought to exercise its moral influence to the last degree by every possible method in the interests of humanity, it is probable that the churches would differ on the question as to whether or not this should extend to armed force or the threat of armed force. Some would feel that with our moral intervention we should have fulfilled our moral obligations. Others would go to the other extreme and would be ready to apply the threat of force or force itself at once, as the only means of making our moral intervention effective. There are probably others who would say, 'Let us confine ourselves to moral influence first, and withhold force or threat of force until they appear necessary.'" This looks impressively like a two-thirds vote, which is enough to carry the resolution over the veto of Jesus Christ!

III.

Here are evidences which prove conclusively, to our mind, that the voice of the churches, less than four years after the armistice, is still "for war"! It is true that these evidences are not exhaustive, but it is also true that they are typical. Referring to the resolution of the Methodist Association of Local Preachers, that excellent correspondent, Mr. Mark Sullivan, reports that "this is typical of the sort of thing that is being said formally and informally by all sorts of church organizations."

Think of it! Here we are not yet four years from the Great War, with its horrors, its failures, its disillusionments. If ever there was a generation that has drunk the unadulterated bitterness of war to the dregs, it is this generation. If ever men were made to know that war settles no problems, stills no enmities, works no spiritual regeneration, establishes no enduring peace, it is the men who now behold the aftermath of the war that was to end war and make the world safe for democracy. If ever humanity was taught the lesson of how international conflicts are made, how they are conducted, with what propaganda patriotism and piety they are camouflaged, it is our unhappy section of humanity that survives these dreadful days. And yet, in a crisis which is a patent duplication of the diplomatic deceits of 1914, on the threshold of a war imperialistic to the core, the churches instantly collapse. Fooled by the same old atrocity stories, by the same old appeals to civilization and democracy, by the same old "bunk" about a holy war to save the world from barbarism! With diplomats frightened, soldiers patient and tactful, newspapers in stubborn opposition, and labor in open rebellion, it is the churches that choose to sound the call to arms. Who can doubt that, if the bishops, missionaries, and religious editors had their way, the world would now be deep engulfed in war!

Before such an exhibition of spiritual recreancy we refuse to take seriously anything that the churches may undertake to say or do for peace, when war is far away. "Fair-weather pacifism," as the London *Nation* has appropriately dubbed it, is a thing to laugh at, if not to weep over with bitter tears. Some day the churches will discover that there is one thing, and only one thing, that they can do to serve the cause of peace and prove their right to be listened to with anything but impatient contempt. This is to declare war of its very nature to be un-Christian, and therefore never under any circumstances to be supported. They must pledge themselves by every most sacred ceremony of dedication to oppose war, specifically the next war, whatever or wherever it may be. They must solemnly bind upon their members the rigorous obligation never for any cause, in answer to any call, to take up arms. They must feel at least as deeply about war as about divorce, and excommunicate with as fair a degree of promptitude for the one offense as for the other. Until the churches do this, which, by the way, the Friends have nobly done for three hundred years gone by, they may well leave the task of serving the cause of peace to other less pious and pretentious spirits.

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The Greeks Revolt a Little

By LUDWELL DENNY

Athens, September 29

PLACE: the Acropolis. Time: morning of September 27. The guide is speaking: "Here in the center of the Parthenon stood the statue of Athena—*the revolution has begun!*—you will notice that the base of the Parthenon is on a line with the top of the Propylaea." The casual interjection is called forth by the sound of an exploding bomb in the city below, disturbing the serenity about us. The guide is politely offended when we decline to examine the grotto where Socrates drank the hemlock, and gazes dejectedly at a soaring rebel aeroplane as we hasten down to the Athens of Tino—or has it already become the Athens of Venizelos?

Noon. The city is quiet. It is a religious holiday. The people gather in excited groups before their homes, whispering, telling their rosaries. The boulevards and squares are empty. We go to the Place de la Constitution. Presently an infantry regiment marches up—soldiers of the King. They are dusty and worn. Not more than a dozen citizens are here to cheer their arrival. We talk with the officer. "The troops from Laurium are marching on the city—but with their rebel officers in chains. The army is with us. Long live the King!" There are curses for Venizelos and the rebel "imbeciles," and the regiment disappears toward the Palace.

3 p. m. Few civilians are on the streets; no soldiers. It is hot. The city is having its accustomed siesta.

Three hours later, the same Athens. I stand on the balcony at Revolutionary G.H.Q. The victory demonstration is beginning. Arriving troops with several thousand citizens surge past, shouting and saluting the large picture of Venizelos on the balcony. "Vive la Grèce! Vive la République! Vive Venizelos!" . . . Constantine has abdicated. His ministers and generals have fled or are imprisoned. His soldiers have not fought. There has been no bloodshed. The rebels command communications, fleet, garrisons, ministries; they are masters of Greece. The revolution is over. . . .

Four months of intensive secret preparation contributed to this quick success. The movement began among the war-sick soldiers in Anatolia. They were poorly equipped and ill fed. The national loan of 1,600,000,000 drachmas was running out in propaganda abroad and graft at home, while the state of the army grew steadily worse. The high military command was inefficient. Despite repeated protests, the Government refused to replace General Haganesti who was making defeat inevitable. Diplomatic reverses abroad, presaging Greek evacuation of Smyrna, completed the destruction of the army's morale.

The officers, fearful lest the rising revolt sweep away their caste and flow into proletarian channels, put themselves at its head and changed its course. When General Trikoupis, who had been chosen for the purpose, fell into the hands of the Turks, leadership reverted to Colonels Gonatas and Plastiras. These gentlemen are middle-aged professional officers of the sincere "treat 'em rough" variety, with enough notches for valor on their revolver-butts. After the Smyrna debacle they found in the defeated army—which the Government, eager to prevent disorders, had landed on the islands instead of the Greek mainland—the bitterness and abandon which is the drive of revolution. If they could transport this army to Athens without letting it get out of hand, they could probably force the Government and King to resign and themselves take over power. The populace, with more sentimental loyalty to a defeated than to a victorious army, would not resist the revolt of the wronged heroes of Greece. There was no camouflage of popular control, no soldiers' and sailors' councils. It was a dictatorship of the officer class.

Meanwhile a small civilian group were active in Athens—underground. On or about September 17 they received a confidential message from Venizelos in Paris. He said the moment to overthrow Constantine had come. At this command 800,000,000 drachmas were hastily collected from Venizelist bankers and dispatched to Gonatas and Plastiras, who took over the islands of Chios and Mitylene on September 21-22. Officers and men loyal to the King were imprisoned. Control of communications on the islands kept the Athens Government ignorant of the insurrection. Gonatas, having previously negotiated with Captain Phokas of the navy, now held most of the fleet and transports.

Not until the night of the 25th, as the transports were leaving the islands, did the Government learn of the organized rebellion. The following morning the insurgents occupied Salonika, and an aeroplane scattered copies of their manifesto over Athens—demanding defense of Thrace, a "non-partisan" (Francophile) government, resignation of the Ministry and of the King (in favor of the Crown Prince), dissolution of Parliament, and immediate general elections. The King answered by proclaiming martial law. In the evening a formal ultimatum arrived from the rebels, who had landed thirty miles from the capital. The Ministry resigned. Constantine dispatched General Popoulas to negotiate with the Revolutionary Council on the cruiser Lemnos (formerly U. S. S. Idaho). But at sunrise the Council sent a new ultimatum, giving the King half an hour in which to abdicate. He did. Crown Prince George hurriedly took the oath before the first priest that could be summoned from the church next door. During the afternoon the 25,000 island troops sailed into the harbor, while a handful of rebels were occupying Athens without resistance. The Constantinists had nothing to fight for, disregarding their protest the King had gone. . . .

The political significance of what has happened is not clear. But "counter-revolution" is a truer description than "revolution." It is not proletarian. It is not republican, though republicans support it. It is not anti-imperialist. Is it Venizelist? Gonatas and many of the others are, or were, loyalists. Are they sincere in their precipitate devotion to Venizelos? Anyway, the Venizelists plan to convert or turn out the loyalists when their help is no longer essential. (Gonatas and the Venizelist, Plastiras, are already quarreling, the latter insisting on terrorist revenge against the persons who refused to join the movement.) The local political chief, the banker Karapanos, is a former Venizelist minister. The Council has sent its felicitations to Venizelos, and invited him to represent Greece in the Allied capitals and at the coming Near East Conference.

In character the "revolution" is Francophile, bourgeois, military, chauvinist. It initiates an even darker period for

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Greece; increased economic distress and unrest, further financial collapse, party strife, attempted conquest, defeat, and despair, ending possibly in civil war. The future of Greece—not excluding Austria—is the most hopeless in Europe.

The permanence of the new regime is doubtful. Remembering the popular fury of the election two years ago, which swept Venizelos from power and recalled Constantine, one feels that this sudden change is too artificial to last. The King is not unpopular today. Why did he hastily present the country to a junta of politically inexperienced officers? Personal fear is not enough to explain such an unkingly act; nor is unwillingness to bear responsibility for fratricidal war (the pretext given in his proclamation). Proletarian revolt by the disillusioned soldiers and peasants was possible. But the success of this chauvinist officer-rebellion was not assured until after his abdication. Why, then, did the King desert?

The decision was made for him—made before the "revolution," by persons who probably never heard of Gonatas, Plastiras, Phokas. From the creation of modern Greece to the present unholy war against Turkey, the Powers have cracked their whip and Greece has jumped—into the fire. Constantine in 1914 was neutral. The Allies drove him out. Venizelist Greece became an Allied pawn, for a price. Venizelos, called "the most successful diplomat at the Peace Conference," returned home with Macedonia, Thrace, and a share of Asia Minor—on paper. What was so freely traded away by the Allies had to be fought for. The war-weary Greeks soon tired of winning an empire; a hard job, as the Turks behind Smyrna were defending their homes. So by overwhelming vote they drove out Venizelos, thus alienating the Quai d'Orsay. Kemal, taking advantage of the growing Allied dissension, made a bargain with France. Tino, though recalled by the Greeks on the issue "He will keep us out of war," was forced by his British masters to continue the Turkish conflict. While France befriended and supplied the Turks, England asked much of the Greeks and gave nothing in return. Finally, the Turk victory, ominous unrest in Britain's Moslem empire, the popular cry for Allied unity, induced the shifty Lloyd George to grant France's demand for Constantine's abdication. Greece alone cannot hold Thrace; the ultimate decision rests with the Powers at the coming conference; Greece must bid higher for Allied support. The Allies' conciliatory note to Kemal left Constantine only two alternatives: to renounce Greek imperialism altogether, breaking the sinister spell under which the Powers have beggared and bled this country, or to make way for others who might yet save some of the paper empire. He handed Greece to the Francophiles.

What is ahead? Nothing good for Greece. Not that the people are to blame. One would be cynical, as well as rash, to predict that the "immediate general election" of the Francophiles will be repeatedly postponed now that they are in power. But if the people are permitted to decide the future of Greece—even through the questionable elections of a "Liberal" or Venizelist Government—there is no reason to suppose that the decision will differ from that reached with such unanimity under less provocation two years ago: a protest against imperialism, a demand for peace. Nor is there any evidence that these chauvinist officers (or Venizelos) would be chosen as the guardians of peace. "But," say the experienced Athenians, "what is the use of another popular mandate? As in 1920 our leaders would betray us again." "Then," answer those too young to be wise, "there would be a real revolution in Greece."

Until that time, the Near East capitalists, Rallis and Zaharoff and the sharps of Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay, having brought her to this death, will pick her bones.

Jazz

By WILLIAM J. SHULTZ

IT is at once the old and the new. Its elements are the raw materials of all music—raw materials presented with a primitive simplicity; its rhythms are strident, its melodies are simple and sharply articulated, its form is standardized and concise. Its substance is that of all folk-music; in its way, it is an industrialized folk-music.

The folk-songs of the Continental peoples were the deposited sediment of centuries of submerged folk-life. Many of them served the same purpose as the more modern jazz; they were accompaniments to dances. But into their lyrics entered an altogether different element—rusticity; until the middle of the nineteenth century, the only *Massemensch* was the great, silent, subject, agricultural population. Their music was a music of out-of-doors, instrumentally based on the human voice or the simplest of stringed and wind instruments, a music of physical merrymaking, a music that looked away from weary body-labor, yet ever reflected its shadow through the wildest abandon.

The modern *Massemensch* is a creature of paved and lighted streets and grimed air; his dwelling is the tenement and frame house; his thoughts, still untutored, are urban. His music, as to his earlier rural brother, is a diversion, and must make its appeal direct. His music is jazz, and it achieves its purpose. Rhythm, its chief component, even when startlingly complex, needs no intermediary to make its appeal; its melodies are neither extended nor complicated, and soon become familiar from being reheard in succeeding compositions, so that they turn into clichés, thus obviating much mental effort; jazz harmonies, often discordant and unprogressing, provide a stimulant for jaded nerves. The lyrics are gems of naivete; their topics are few and simple—sex crude and unabashed, the home, the romance of far-off places—emotions the broadest and most universal. The *Massemensch* is the patron of the dance hall, of the vaudeville show, and must be considered in the box-office of the musical review. To these places he goes for the exhilaration he knows he will receive from jazz; had he desired otherwise, he would have patronized a concert hall.

But in contrast to the older folk-music, jazz is not confined to the submerged strata of society while a highly developed music exists contemporaneously among the upper classes; it has become nearly universal. This is not incomprehensible. The aristocratic society of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, centering about the continental courts which patronized the music of the classic era, affected a non-productive leisure as the indication of their aristocracy. Their leisure gave the members of this class who were so inclined the opportunity to make music more than an idle diversion, and their studies led them beyond the mere sensuous elements of rhythm, melody, and harmony to the more intellectual element of form. The composers whom they patronized and supported, maintained in leisure themselves and usually with no other preoccupation than their musical studies, were enabled to produce an intellectualized music,

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developing that symmetry of form which is the surpassing beauty of classical music, but which makes its appeal, not only to the emotions, but to the appreciative mind.

When the French Revolution and the succeeding chaotic decades reduced the importance of this leisured aristocracy, musicians had to look elsewhere for patrons, and they turned to the new aristocracy of the industrial entrepreneurs. Many of the conventions of the old aristocracy were aped by the new, and an interest in music was one of these. The industrial *nouveaux riches* attended the concert halls—what influence the wives and daughters had here might be interesting to discuss, for the stage-property of the previous *noblesse de sang* tended to be maintained by the female side of the *noblesse de l'argent* rather than by the male; the husband and father, occupied by his business, generally left social strategy to be exercised by the ladies of the family. The new patrons, at their best, looking upon music as a recreation, and lacking time and inclination to devote themselves to a study of it—in time depending on specialists or critics to judge their music for them just as they relied on hired experts in their businesses—sought only for the less exacting sensuous appeal in music. Those musicians who satisfied this desire in their compositions received the loudest acclaim, and became the models for the next generation; romantic music developed away from the symmetric form of classicism to the dramatic form of program music.

The whole development of romantic music has been a slow retreat before indifferent but all-powerful ignorance. From Schubert through Schumann, Wagner, the Russian school, Richard Strauss, to Stravinski and Schoenberg, romantic music has been letting down the high standards of the classic era, saving its face and apologizing for itself in philosophical terms where it could, trying to cover its retreat by criticizing the older music as dry and formal. This movement has existed not only in music but in all the arts; in music, it is more evident. Romantic music went back to the national stores of folk-songs, extolled their primitiveness and simplicity, and based itself on them; of course such music would make a keener appeal to the more untutored ear, and hence was hailed with greater rapture. Those musicians whose temperaments inclined them to revere the classic canons were swept aside and submerged by the tidal wave of popular demand. The instruments of the musician, particularly the piano, were further developed; the orchestra was increased and additions made to it that expanded its tonal possibilities; the acoustics of concert halls were improved. More and more was the composer tempted to turn tone painter, to look upon the instruments of his art as a palette for mixing colors, rather than a draftman's tool to create designs. The experimentor in cacophony found limitless fantastic combinations of sound available. Strong-willed indeed must have been the composer who could resist.

Romantic music and the twentieth century have been united in holy wedlock, and the fruit of this union is jazz. It may be an *enfant terrible*, but it is no changeling. It does not play the hypocrite or deceive itself by talking glibly in the cant of art. It is vulgar, but it is healthily frank—as frank as the conversation of a group of young people who cleanly and intelligently discuss birth control. Our contempt for jazz is snobbery and is a relic of the days when the "peepul" were considered solely as factory and politician fodder. The cognoscenti, like the poor, are always with us; theirs be the kingdoms of romantic and classic music. The jazzists will never dispute them their possessions.

In the Driftway

WRITERS on Utopia have always captured the Drifter's warmest sympathies, no matter what sort of a place their ideal land might be. Still, he is bound to admit that some Utopias are better than others, and when a particularly charming one comes to his attention, as one did the other day, he is all the more eager to advertise it. In a little magazine written, printed, and illustrated by the children of the Modern School at Stelton, New Jersey, Benny Frumkin, aged ten years, writes a story for which, according to the note of explanation by Paul Scott, he set type himself and with which he had no grown-up help of any kind. Benny's is a fairy story, the tale of a boy who lived on a mountain with his father where "it was 1,040 feet high, and so it was a terreble job for them to walk up the mountain." Through a miracle which the Drifter has not time to relate, the boy and his father were raised suddenly from poverty to—not affluence, for that is not Benny's idea of Utopia, but to a comfort which Benny describes thus:

* * *

THEY now had a great big farm. It was 200 acres and they had to get plows and all sorts of tools for the grounds. Then they made a great great big factory in the city for their wheat and corn and all the other grain. They had a hothouse for flowers too and they had a store in the factory where they sold the flowers. . . . Twenty workmen were hired to help do the work and each workman got eight dollars a day. All the people said the boy and his father were very kind and when anybody's house got burnt or something or other they let them stay at their place in the great big house that they built and would give them wood to chop for each meal. When visitors came they could eat and sleep for nothing. These people would want to give them money but they would not take it. They would beg them to take money but they would not they were so kind.

* * *

THE father was growing older and he could not do any work he was so old. And so the boy and the twenty hired workmen had to do all the work, but got all the work through very quick. . . . The boy saw that the men working for him were working so good that he raised three dollars a day on them so that was eleven dollars a day for each workman. And so they worked as quick as they could because they were getting so much money a day. . . . Then the boy's father got old one day and died. . . . And the boy grew older and older and gave one man to be in charge of the farm and wrote down on a piece of paper and said when he died the people should vote the very next day to see who should have the farm. In three years he died. . . . And then they voted that all the people who worked on the farm should have it.

* * *

THERE will, of course, be many writers of fairy stories who will brand Benny as prosaic and earthy. They will advance their crystal palaces and ivory chairs, or their ideally governed states and their ethereally happy citizens to controvert the planting of turnips and the weeding of onions with which Benny's workmen must be all too familiar. But the Drifter assures them that nothing would please him more than to earn eleven dollars a day as a good quick workman on Benny's farm. And if this farm is the ideal of many little immigrant boys to America, perhaps when these boys are men there may be changes in our Commonwealth; perhaps cities will not be so crowded; perhaps there will be fewer Ghettoes; there may even be some change in the price of turnips, both for the planter and for

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 400 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

Arthur Hopkins on Ludwig Lewisohn

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Have read with considerable interest Mr. Lewisohn's review of my production of "Rose Bernd". Disregarding its peevish superiority, it would seem that Mr. Lewisohn is suffering from an attack of acute preconception.

With a single glance at the program, he knew the whole interpretation was doomed to failure. And, of course, so far as he was concerned, it was. He wanted it to be. He would rather have died than come out with one preconception violated. All may have been lost, but he left the theater clutching to his heart his preconceptions, and now he waves them bruised, but aloft, and in his burning defense of them conveys to us the amazing information that Hauptmann is a great dramatist and "Rose Bernd" is a play of compassion. And back of it all is a patronizing sadness for those poor souls who can never know how wonderful it all is.

This is the sort of poppycock that retards the American theater. It is the frantic little Lewisohns running about in circles, whispering of the preciousness of this and the very subtle, ungraspable significance of that, who manage to disseminate the belief that the great things of the theater can only be understood by the few.

It has been proved time and again in the theater that the only audience that is much confused by greatness is the first audience, and that because it is largely burdened with preconceptions. The later audiences, who come only to be moved and not to be vindicated, have no difficulty in grasping the full significance of the play, and they need no Lewisohn with pointer in hand to stand before them and say, "Now, here, children, you will note that the author has intended to convey 'that the fate of Rose Bernd was implicated with that of three men.'"

It is the inferiority complex screaming for air. It is only interesting in Mr. Lewisohn's case because he is a type. There are swarms of him buzzing around the theater retarding and holding back those who would rather do things for the theater than talk about it. And the sad part of it all is that his kind is well-intentioned and no one has yet found an exterminator for the pest of good intentions.

New York, October 6 Arthur Hopkins

Plain Fear of the Church

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of October 4 a young man—I assume he is young—enlightens us on the one way to save the church. He pronounces that the feeling of "thinking people" toward the church is "one of ridicule, or pity, or indifference, and the worst of these is indifference." May not the author have fallen into an error which few of us escape, namely, that of attributing our own strong feelings to a much larger group than an objective survey of facts would warrant? Or is it possible that Mr. Bush means by "thinking people" those who think as he does?

I am less concerned to examine his exaggerations than to confess, at the risk of losing any standing as a "thinking" person, that just now I feel toward some churches or churchmen an emotion which is neither ridicule, pity, or indifference, but plain fear. The thing I fear is the combination of a praiseworthy humanitarian hatred of cruelties practiced in the Near East with a partisan, imperfectly informed, and somewhat fanatical conviction that the wicked, non-Christian Turk is the author of all villainies, and with the even more indefensible assumption that the horrors of the Near East can be cured by another holy war—this time against the Turk instead of the Prussian! The extent to which the churches are cursing Meroz (alias the United States) for not coming to the help of the Lord (alias Lloyd George and his Greek tools) against the mighty (alias the Turks—and perhaps the French) is alarming. I do not think that Bishops Manning, Cannon, et al. can drag us into war on this crisis, though even on that matter overconfidence is dangerous, but they can go—indeed they already have gone—a long way toward undoing the effect of the growing sentiment in the churches in favor of peace and the outlawing of war. If the churches are always to be urging us into holy wars, they will require a conversion to Christianity or an attack against them which will evoke other emotions than ridicule, pity, or indifference.

New York, October 7 Norman Thomas

Opposing Views of Our Ruin

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Here is Thomas W. Lamont (my pen almost slipped into saying Thomas W. Lawson) instructing us through the bankers' convention, in words of one syllable, that it is a bad thing to get debts paid back to us and that if the "Allies" (see how easy it is for big bankers to call 'em "allies" when it serves a good purpose to do so and to say "they weren't our allies, any of them, ever; we were merely associated but never allied to them," when it is better to say it that way) pay us back all the money they owe us then we are utterly ruined—just simply can't continue in business. I scanned the reports of this speech to find a little clause "(laughter)". But apparently all those bankers sat there and not one of them laughed. Then along comes this bird Reginald McKenna and tells the same convention the next day that England is going to pay her debt to us, every blooming cent of it. I scanned the reports of this speech to find a little clause "(tears)," thinking, of course, that some of the bankers would have a good cry over that hard-hearted threat to ruin our nation; but apparently not a sob was heard.

How come? Is this an evidence of the solidarity and internationalism among great bankers breaking up?

Newton, Massachusetts, October 5 Prescott Warren

Friends of Negro Freedom

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Having noticed frequently in *The Nation* names of societies like Friends of Irish Freedom, Friends of India, etc., which evidently represent international organizations sponsoring the causes these names imply, I have wondered why a group operating similarly and called Friends of Negro Freedom has not as yet appeared. Surely Negro freedom needs friends, and such an international body concentrating on the injustices done black people in America alone would have a task challenging their utmost devotion and endeavor.

Moreover, it is not unreasonable to suppose that through the pressure of public opinion created abroad, America might be disposed to clean house. For even a lazy housekeeper is likely to bestir herself if she knows that all the neighbors are talking about her untidy home.

Friends of Irish Freedom, through the Committee of One Hundred and other agencies, focused world-opinion on Britain's failures in Ireland, and immeasurably advanced Ireland's cause. Friends of India are succeeding in keeping India's cry for justice uncomfortably near the world's conscience, with every hope ultimately of achieving India's emancipation. Surely Friends of Negro Freedom, once securing a world-hearing, would have the same success, as well as the distinction and joy of having abolished one of the world's worst crimes.

Columbus, Ohio, October 1 G. A. Steward

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Books

On Being Mencken

Prejudices: Third Series. By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE first of Mencken's new collection of essays is called On Being an American. It contains many observations about our blessed country, observations wise and witty, reasonable and outrageous. The real subject of the piece, the hero, is Henry Mencken, a genuine essayist who writes about himself. The joy of life does not consist in living in America, a nation of hoakum-heavers, boob-baiters, devil-drivers (you can make those Menckenese compounds through the alphabet and back again); the joy of life consists in being Mencken. He could be happy anywhere, even in Germany. He is not unhappy in this country because its ethical and legal prohibitions do not touch him (or any other man with a rebellious spirit and a comfortable purse) and its intellectual limitations only make him shine the merrier. He can be a buffoon, when it pleases him, in a nation of clowns, for he has brains enough to turn upon his fellow-buffoons, when it pleases him, and confound them with a show of real scholarship and serious thinking.

Mencken does not disarm criticism, he rather challenges it, by calling his three volumes of miscellaneous papers "Prejudices." What is a prejudice? It is a judgment before the fact, before an investigation of the fact, and is, as commonly understood, an unfair process of mind, whether its conclusion be on the side of the angels or on the side of the imps of darkness. Mencken is full of prejudices, like every other individual, and his prejudices are vigorous, because he is a vigorous thinker. But most of his ideas, his opinions, are not prejudices at all; they are judgments after the fact, after a consideration of the fact. He is—I will astonish him by saying it—one of the most fair-minded students of fact now writing the English tongue. He has the habit of examining the things that he judges. He has put an enormous amount of honest labor into collecting and scrutinizing his material. And when he raises hell with the facts, he is quite as truly post-judicial as prejudicial.

Sometimes he gets his facts wrong. That is where "prejudice" or a slant of mind or a thesis or some argumentative purpose or carelessness gets the better of his post-judgment. For example, in proving what Lincoln's own words would easily prove, that Lincoln was not an Abolitionist, Mencken says that Lincoln did not publish the Emancipation Proclamation "until Lee had been hurled out of Pennsylvania." Any little handbook of American history in Mr. Mencken's vast library would have instructed him that the proclamation was issued after Antietam in September, 1862, that it applied to States in rebellion on January 1, 1863, on which date it was formally issued, and that Lee was not "hurled" out of Pennsylvania until Gettysburg, six months later. This is a question of dates on which there can be no difference of opinion. In the interpretation of facts on which difference of opinion is possible Mr. Mencken is no more fortunate, for he says that Lincoln's Cooper Union speech "got him the presidency." I doubt if a competent historian would let events rest so heavily on any one speech of Lincoln's.

These blunders, such as we all make, such as even wise historians make, are important only because Mencken often shows a toplofty scorn for people who do not see things as they are. But he is not a professional historian; he is incurably a literary man, and any misreading of the facts of Lincoln's biography are atoned for by his bold and accurate judgments of Lincoln's style. No other critic of Lincoln, from Lowell down, has said anything better of Lincoln's use of words than this: that the Gettysburg speech is "eloquence brought to a pellucid and almost childlike perfection—the highest emotion reduced to one graceful and irresistible gesture."

Then he proceeds to show that the speech "is beauty, not sense," and pleads his aesthetic joy in it as amelioration of the sacrilege of noting its fundamental nonsensicality. Mencken's aesthetic joy is a curious thing. He is as much perplexed by the relation between the true and the beautiful, sound sense and fantasy, as are some of the Puritans, philistines, Elks, and Methodists whom he despises. His essay on The Poet and His Art is a pathetic piece, uneasy, floundering, almost ignorant. Mencken's first published volume was a little book of what he calls very bad verse, and he seems never to have forgiven the muse for having given him up as a bad job. He not only misunderstands poetry; he misunderstands an acute analysis of some aspects of poetry, Prescott's book, "Poetry and Dreams." He makes Prescott say that "in brief, poetry represents imagination's bold effort to escape from the cold and clammy facts that hedge us in—to soothe the wrinkled and fevered brow with beautiful balderdash." Which is Mencken's balderdash and a mere caricature of Prescott's ideas. At least Mencken should read prose straight, even if he cannot read poetry except when he is too tired to write and needs another drink. To illustrate his contention that poetry, in its substance, "may be resolved into one or the other of these frightful imbecilities"—"denials of objective facts," "denials of subjective facts," he quotes (misquotes) Browning's "All's *right* with the world," and Henley's "I am the master," etc. Of course, if you quote that way, pretending to "open at random," you can find famous quotable pulp, which will not hold water or the now no more yet already obtainable beer at Lüchow's. But let us quote, not at random, from a modern Catholic mystic, whose name and whose poetry I leave it to Mencken to discover:

> Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
> That is not paid in moan;
> For we are born in other's pain
> And perish in our own.

The frightful imbecility of that, its untruth to subjective and objective fact, I submit to Mencken and to Prescott at Cornell, who will understand what I mean.

I find myself arguing with Mencken. That is the "objective" and the "subjective" value of him. On every page he stirs you up, irritates you by some good or bad thinking to do some good or bad thinking for yourself. Raw and uncouth, he clamors for civilization and beauty. An intellectual snob, he makes you take up cudgels for all abused and driven people, until with amazement you find that he has a club in his hand defending the socialists, whom he detests, against the other politicians in the New York Assembly. A delightfully capricious fellow! At his worst, downright stupid, like the rest of us. At his best, as the rest of us would wish to be, a shrewd thinker, in command of sound, energetic English prose, as solid as old oak; it vibrates but does not break when he dances on it. J. M.

Old Persian Doctrine

Das iranische Erlösungsmysterium. Religionsgeschichtliche Untersuchungen. Von R. Reitzenstein. Bonn: A. Marcus & E. Webers Verlag. 1921. 45 marks.

THE principal thesis of this book by the well-known classical scholar is that an old Persian esoteric doctrine of salvation, hitherto unknown, has now been brought to light, a doctrine in which the origin of the later Jewish beliefs and literary motives of this nature, and especially of the early Christian teaching, is to be sought. The main support of this revolutionary theory is found in certain small fragments of the very obscure and baffling Manichaean religious literature discovered some years ago in Central Asia. In one of the fragments, already published by Professor F. W. K. Müller, Zarathustra is named as *Erlöser;* in another, plainly belonging to the same circle of ideas, Mani takes the place of Zarathustra. A somewhat longer fragment of a hymn (first published by Müller in 1904), of which portions are found in a number of manuscripts, was early recognized by Reitzenstein as an *Erlösungsmysterium* and used as such by him

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in his publications relating to the Mystery cults and beliefs. It is the combination of this Manichaean hymn with the (for Reitzenstein) all-important *Zarathustrafragment* that provides the basis for this investigation with its multitudinous branches and far-reaching conclusions.

The supposed old-Iranian ideas thus recognized are traced through the fragmentary Manichaen texts and other materials at hand, including the account of Mani's teaching given in the Arabic Fihrist; the Mandaean liturgies of the dead, and allied compositions; and the attempt is made to demonstrate their influence in such writings as the Apocalypse of Baruch, certain of the Odes of Solomon, various portions of the New Testament, including the Gospels, of which numerous technical terms and underlying religious ideas are discussed at some length, the Acts of Thomas, and many other bits of religious literature, more or less familiar (and more or less imperfectly understood), which have happened to survive from the perished civilizations of Western Asia, Egypt, and other lands.

This is all very interesting material, and one can only admire, as in Reitzenstein's other publications, the wide learning and keenness with which it is marshaled and combined. The reader who requires strict proof, however, will rarely find that new standing ground has been reached. First and foremost he will hardly be convinced that old-Persian material is really demonstrated. In such a syncretism as that of Mani it is not at all surprising to find Zarathustra included, in the manner illustrated in Müller's fragment; but to carry back the whole context, with its philosophical conceptions, into Achaemenian times is to take a leap which is more than daring. Even the translation of the fragments, to say nothing of their interpretation, is not sure at all crucial points. Reitzenstein is dependent on the renderings of Müller and (especially) Andreas; and the latter, who had originally consented to collaborate in the preparation of this volume, ultimately withdrew on the ground that he could not be sufficiently sure of his translation of these enigmatical scraps. In the third strophe of the "old-Persian" fragment (page 3) Zorohusht apparently addresses his spirit in the words: "O my body!" Reitzenstein accordingly draws the conclusion, vitally important for his theory, that the old-Iranian religion recognized a trichotomy in which the Soul is an essentially divine being, while the Spirit, a lower element, sometimes viewed as "eine Art Körper" (page 4), falls into the captivity of the material world and must be set free and brought to heaven by its higher and purer counterpart. The line of the strophe in which these words occur, however, is pronounced by Andreas, and recognized by Reitzenstein himself, as a later addition to the text.

Reitzenstein passes far too easily from one age to another, and from this to that land, carrying his whole baggage with him, on the ground of resemblances in thought or word which are obviously capable of other explanations than the one which he adopts. There are few matters in the realms of religious guesswork more precarious than restoring by conjecture or combination the details of Asiatic gnosticism, and transplanting them from one soil to another. He appeals now and then to the "religionsgeschichtliche Methode," but this method, as frequently employed at the present day and exemplified in a considerable part of this book, is distinctly a thing to be held in suspicion. Reitzenstein lays stress on certain parallels, found in the Hebrew, Buddhist, and Christian scriptures, proving in his view the presence of a pervasive literary tradition, where others, with all the external probability on their side, can see merely ideas as wide as the human race and inevitable modes of expression. For striking examples see pages 111 (and the added note on page xi), 6, and 135. There is evidenced here and there a lack of familiarity with Hebrew and Jewish literature and modes of thought which is, to say the least, unfortunate. See, for example, the "borrowed Persian conceptions" in 121, note 4, 232, and 244. On page 242 f. the author can see no other possible source of the Mandaean triad Abel, Seth, Enos than an old-Persian trinity. On page 209 we are told that the author of the Proverbs of Sirach lived and wrote in Alexandria. These are small matters, but not insignificant.

All in all, the book is not likely to accomplish what its author hoped. To scholars in the many fields represented by these investigations it can be heartily recommended for the astonishing wealth of interesting and stimulating material which its author has collected, even if they may find no compelling reason for accepting any of his principal conclusions.

CHARLES C. TORREY

An Elizabethan Nobleman

The Life of Henry, Third Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's Patron. By Charlotte Carmichael Stopes. Cambridge University Press.

SHAKESPEARE'S patron has appeared in many strange guises in studies of the poet's life and works, but until Mrs. Stopes went to the surviving records of his career, only two students had given him serious attention. Fifty years ago Gerald Massey wove a fanciful theory about certain facts in the young earl's life and certain sonnets of his great protege, and recently Professor Gayley brought together a very different set of documents, relating Southampton's interest in the Virginia Plantation to Shakespeare's writing of the "Tempest." Between these two extended studies lie many allusions to Henry Wriothesley, very few of them based on any solid knowledge of him.

Now comes Mrs. Stopes to fill the gap with five hundred pages of close documented details about the brilliant Renaissance nobleman whose chief title to fame now is that he was lord of a poet's idolatry. Facts about his ancestry, about his much-involved estate, about his tempestuous love affair and difficult marriage, about his friendship with Essex and its tragic outcome, about his sufferings in the Tower and his freeing by James I, in short about every important moment in an unusually adventurous career, all are presented with painstaking care and accuracy.

The material, as the author very modestly says, for a biography of Southampton is surely all here, yet the subject himself eludes us. Of realization of the life throbbing beneath the actions described, of synthetic portraiture, there is none, though of interpretative theory there are scattered bits, as in the parts referring particularly to Shakespeare's poems and plays. Such theoretical intrusions between masses of authentic data do not, however, vivify the history, they seem merely rather out of key with the book's severely disinterested major purpose. That purpose—the publication of valuable records—is on the whole so well served that the volume will be indispensable to Shakespeareans even should it be supplanted for the general reader by a more imaginative biography of its subject. Only an investigator especially gifted for research would have had the patience and the courage to track down and transcribe manuscripts so scattered and so difficult of access. The results, thanks to an excellent index, are perfectly usable and are in themselves of solid and permanent value.

WINIFRED SMITH

African Folk-Lore

Anthologie Nègre. By Blaise Cendrars. Paris: La Sirène.
Volksmärchen der Kabylen. By Leo Frobenius. Jena: Eugen Diederichs. 2 vols.

INTEREST in African art and literature was steadily increasing among European scientists, artists, and intellectuals before the war. Collections of sculptures from Benin, in London, Brussells, and Berlin had created much sensation and awakened much curiosity regarding this primitive train of thought and emotion. Here are two books devoted to African folk-lore which have unusual range and interest.

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Around African campfires, in the cool of the evening, dusky figures have told European travelers these stories of love and jealousy, of the dread of the stepmother, of petty larceny. The subjects are much the same as in all folk-lore throughout the world. The Kabyles, according to Frobenius, are the remnants of the Berbers, who have been absorbed by the Arabs. They dwell north of the Sahara, and seem to have been worshipers of Jupiter Ammon, for at Djebel Bes-Seba this explorer found rock carvings representing this ram-headed solar god. The cosmology of these peoples holds that the world rests on the horns of a gigantic bull. The world would break down if he should move.

They believe that seven grades build up the earth. They are flat disks. Above are seven skies. Man lives on the fifth plane. The earth is interposed between it and the skies. All small animals live on the lowest grade, and have sprung from the egg of an ant. A mighty tree is placed on this earth, and if this tree should fall the small animals would gain access to the earth of man and all mankind would be destroyed.

A Fam narration from Cendrars's book says that God made man, in the image of a lizard, out of clay. He put him into a pond of sea water. There he left him for seven days. When man emerged he said "Thanks" to his creator. Another tale runs: In the beginning, when there was nothing, neither man, nor plants, nor skies, nor anything at all, God was called Nzamé. The Trinity of God's was called Nzamé, Mebère, and Nkwa. In the beginning Nzamé created the skies and the earth, and reserved the skies for himself. His breath created the waters, the sun and moon and stars, the animals and plants. He showed them to Mebère and Nkwa, and asked them whether they thought that anything was missing, and they said: "We see the animals, but not their master." Then they set the elephant, the tiger, and the ape as masters over the animals.

Nzamé, however, wanted to do better, and the Three Gods created a being almost like themselves, and gave it command over all things. They called this being Fam, that is, strength. Fam was proud of his beauty, strength, and might, and he taunted his creator, singing: "God on high, Fam here on earth, God is God, but man is man. Everyone in his place." God heard him, and asked, "Who is this singing?" Fam called, "Come and see, find me." God was angry, and called the thunder, and burned everything, animals and forests and manioc. As he had promised man that he would not die, as he had made him in his image, he burned Fam, the first man. But God regretted the appearance of the earth, and created another man and a woman, mortal this time, who looked like Fam, but they had their heads turned in another direction. They had bodies and a shadow. Fam was confined beneath the earth, and bothers mankind.

Cendrars gives some Houssa proverbs, for instance: "Lies will yield flowers but no fruit," "A sincere person must buy a horse so he may fly after he has spoken the truth," "A patient man will boil a stone till he can drink the broth," "You believe drought is coming, but God sends rain," "Whoever speaks of the weather, will be a liar." A Mossi proverb is: "He who does not endeavor to find wherewith to live will die without a disease." Engouda proverbs are: "There is no remedy for old age," "He who marries a belle marries worry," "The indiscreet will hold his tongue about nothing, except what he does not know."

Frobenius tells a story which he was told by his black friends about the partridge. The partridge acquired its beauty by rolling about in the woods. Its feathers took on a pretty pattern. The bird picked at a rock till it got a beautiful red beak. It looked up to the skies, and its eyes became blue as azure. When it met the jackal, that animal wanted to know what the bird had done to become so beautiful, and she told him. The beast did as the partridge had said, but when it rolled on the ground its hair came out; when it rubbed its nose against the rock its teeth broke off, and when it looked up to the skies it became blind.

BEATRICE BICKEL

Books in Brief

The Restoration of Agriculture in the Famine Area of Russia. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul, from the original report published at Moscow in September of 1921. Labor Publishing Company.

A score of papers, mostly by university men, analyzing present conditions and future possibilities in southeastern Russia. It deals chiefly with agriculture, but touches on fisheries, mining, and industry. A terrible situation due to the combined effects of world war, civil war, blockade and stoppage of imports, drought, and, in one case at least, to the communist policy of the government.

Practical Psychology for Business Executives. By Lionel D. Edie. H. W. Wilson Company.

A collection of short extracts from books and articles, prepared "for executives and those interested in understanding the motives and behavior of men who work under the direction of others."

Coal in International Trade. By A. J. Sargent, Professor of Commerce in the University of London. P. S. King and Son. 2s. 6d.

Presents the problem of the future price of coal and the future position of British mining and manufacturing in view of the trend of coal costs and production in the British islands as compared with the continent and the United States.

The Coming of Coal. By Robert W. Bruère. Association Press. $1.

Prepared for the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America as an outgrowth of the studies carried on by the Bureau of Industrial Research, rather heavily charged with God and cosmic energy, but honest and useful propaganda, full of orderly information.

The Federal Service. By Lewis Mayers. D. Appleton and Company. $5.

One of the Studies in Administration of the Institute for Government Research. Deals entirely with the executive civil service. Of interest to intelligent persons who realize the importance of the problem of personnel as a condition of efficient government. Thorough, well-balanced, constructive.

The Golden Fleece. By G. W. Morris and L. S. Wood. Oxford University Press.

An introduction to the industrial history of England in terms of wool and woolen manufactures. Brief, scholarly, delightfully illustrated.

Supply and Demand. By Herbert D. Henderson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

One of a new series called the "Cambridge Economic Handbooks," edited by J. M. Keynes. A clear, well-written exposition of accepted British theory as developed by Marshall.

Money. By D. H. Robertson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

In the same series as the foregoing volume. Orthodox, without being reactionary or stupid, and relieved by a delightful sense of humor. Disapproves the gold standard and favors Irving Fisher's plan of the compensated dollar.

Economic Sophisms. By Frederic Bastiat. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An American edition of a book first published in 1845 and 1848. Shallow, *laissez-faire* optimism, not important in the history of economic thought; yet his petition of the candle-makers is still good reading.

Wages, Prices and Profits. Labour Research Department.

A compilation of material drawn largely from official sources, showing the movement of wages, prices, and profits in Great Britain from 1913 to June, 1921. In the preface Sidney Webb demands better statistics and makes characteristically practical suggestions for getting them.

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The Work of the Stock Exchange. By J. Edward Meeker. Ronald Press. $5.

A systematic account, by the economist of the New York Stock Exchange, of the operations of that great market, describing the classes of securities, trades, traders, and settlements, and the relations between professional speculation and industry and commerce.

Organized Produce Markets. By John George Smith. Longmans, Green and Company. $4.

Based on lectures delivered in the Faculty of Commerce of the University of Birmingham, describes the chief produce exchanges of the world and the machinery of grading, crop-reporting, and marketing by auction.

A Century of Banking in New York, 1822-1922. By Henry Wysham Lanier. George H. Doran Company. $5.

Not a systematic history, but full of delightful pictures of old New York and the men who made it. Charming illustrations reproduced from old prints and paintings.

Iranian Influence on Moslem Literature. Translated from the Russian of M. Inostransev by G. K. Nariman, with supplementary appendices from Arabic sources. The Fort Printing Press, Bombay.

A book relating to Persia and Arabia, translated from the Russian by a Parsi scholar of India. Contains a mass of valuable material showing the importance of early Arabic writings for the history of Persia after that country was conquered by the Mohammedans. Shows that many of the works which were counted in medieval Europe as Arabic contributions to learning were the work of Persian scholars or Persian by extraction. The second half of the volume, Nariman's particular contribution, is devoted to supplementary matter from Arabic sources relating to Persia.

Where the Blue Begins. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.50.

A charming, whimsical story of more than human dogs. Reminds one, entirely to its credit, of "The Wind in the Willows." Will be loved by children of all ages. Deserves a longer notice than this and may get it in a later number.

What Prohibition Has Done to America. By Fabian Franklin. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.

A brief statement of the case against the Eighteenth Amendment as a violation of the Constitution of the United States and of the principle which lies at the bottom of respect for law, as a cause of despotism, a menace to liberty, and a promoter of socialism. Proposes an amendment repealing the Eighteenth Amendment, but at the same time conferring upon Congress the power to make laws concerning the manufacture, sale, and transportation of intoxicating liquors.

Music

The Business of Musical Criticism

NEWSPAPER criticism of the arts is a strange game. In connection with music it is more than a game; it is a business. From time to time musical circles are set agog by rumors of money demanded by the critics for good notices. These stories may be discounted, for they almost always emanate from inferior performers. When popular favorites make like complaints it is usually because their domestic or pecuniary misadventures have bared their nerves. We may have critics who know the feel of a bribe, which need not be money; but there is certainly nothing in this country like the minor form of blackmail frankly practiced by many foreign journals. In America, where the writer whom the newspaper public dignifies by the name of critic may be a police-court reporter by training, we stand a slight chance of getting from him a naive reaction to music and a very large chance of hearing him babble of the prima donna's smile, her flowers, the lights, her gracious accordance of encores to a clamoring audience.

The business of the musical art is organized on newspaper criticism. The recognized method of selling an artist is to approach the local managers in the smaller cities with press notices of his appearances in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia. During the season in New York seven or eight concerts a day are nothing unusual. Two of these may be recitals by really excellent artists, say Kreisler and McCormack; two may be concerts by local or visiting orchestras. The rest are simply bids for notice from the critics. Why else should a singer or player, or his friends for him, hire a hall to present a program before an apathetic audience of "deadheads," at a cost of five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars?

Once upon a time European press notices were enough to sell an artist to the clubs, colleges, and concert courses of the smaller cities. But since the war it is a less profitable method than presenting an artist with good notices from our larger cities. Celebrity abroad is chiefly useful as advance publicity for a metropolitan debut. But with the enormous increase in musical events within the last few years, which have brought us the best talent from Russia and Europe, the prestige of foreign reputation has been weakened, though not broken.

American artists are likely to go unheeded by the critics not only on account of the pressure of more heralded personalities but because so many native aspirants for metropolitan honors, especially singers, are well-to-do young women to whom a New York recital is only an opportunity for personal aggrandizement. Various schemes for aiding the serious young American artist have been put forward, but most of them are money-making frauds. It still remains with the critics of the big cities to promote the artist or to return him, beaten and bleeding, to obscurity.

A fair estimate of a new artist and a somewhat less satisfactory notion of a new composition may be deduced from a comparison of the criticisms in the different papers. The *Musical Digest* was founded a year or two ago by Mr. Pierre V. R. Key, formerly critic of the *World*, on this assumption. Mr. Key has been publishing articles by American and European authorities and reports of music in other cities, but the backbone of his enterprise is the weekly collating of New York criticisms. In the older established musical sheets, of which *Musical America* and the *Musical Courier* are best known, the pronouncement of critical judgment is secondary to the reporting of musical news. The personalities in which Mr. Leonard Liebling of the *Courier* deals in his Variationettes and "Mephisto" of *Musical America* in his Musings have the strongest appeal to most readers. For cognoscenti the *Courier* has a department of European news freshly handled by César Saerchinger. *Musical America* presents special articles such as a recent series, half news, half criticism, on music in Soviet Russia; and a weekly page of able reviews is given to new music as it comes from the publishers. The *Musical Quarterly*, edited by Mr. O. G. Sonneck, former head of the music division of the Library of Congress, is largely devoted to scholarly and technical matter. Of the monthlies the *Etude* and the *Musician* serve the interests of teacher and student. The *Musical Observer* has in Mr. Herbert F. Peyser, who used to be chief critic on *Musical America*, a writer savage to what he disapproves but singularly qualified to expound what his trained judgment approves.

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, of the *Tribune*, rich in musical scholarship and concert-going experience; Mr. W. J. Henderson, of the *Herald*, whose occasional acerbity is balanced by apt characterizations; Mr. Richard Aldrich, of the *Times*, an unspectacular but scholarly writer—these heads of their profession work under frightful pressure. Owing to the lateness of an operatic premiere, the critics' reports must be written on the basis of dress rehearsals. They can stay at the performance only long enough to gather a bit of local color. Mr. H. T. Finck, of the *Evening Post*, cuts the Gordian knot by constituting himself cheer-leader for the artists he likes and keeping silence

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A NEW FEATURE

This page, which is a new advertising feature in The Nation, will appear every four weeks until spring. The center column will contain each time an original children's story or poem, and the surrounding spaces will be used for the advertisement of children's books and music.

The attention of our readers is called to the page elsewhere in the magazine.

The Tinkle Tune

☼ ☼ ☼

There was once a tune that lived inside a street-organ. It wasn't bold or sad or jangling, like its brothers and sisters, but rather shy and cheerful, and the children who ran after it and loved it called it Tinkle.

One day there was a new face among the children waiting on the pavement; such a gay, laughing face that Tinkle danced straight up to it.

"What a darling tune!" cried the little girl, who was named Janey. "I'd like to take it home with me."

The sky was as blue as flowers, and the sun was like a warm pool and the bright dust hung like diamonds in the air. Even the cobblestones looked adventurous to Tinkle. She wondered where they were marching to so mysteriously?

The street-organ man was looking anxiously at a window. He had stopped turning the handle, and Tinkle knew she ought to climb back into that dark place. Instead, however, she dropped lightly to the cobblestones.

"I must go home," Janey was saying, and started running down the street.

She turned with the cobblestones at the street corner, and stopped suddenly.

"Why, that darling little tune has come along with me," she said, and turned her head to listen.

Neither of them saw the big automobile. It seemed the very same minute to Tinkle that Janey was lying on the cobblestones, knocked over by the big wheel. And the next minute she was carried off.

Tinkle was lost. She floated down the street looking for an open window, for she wanted a home. Even a stuffy street-organ is better than no home at all.

Pretty soon the sky looked withered. There was no sun, and the dust lay sprawled out on the pavement. The only bright thing in sight was a large yellow cat that sat on some wooden doorsteps, blinking his eyes. Tinkle crept up to him in a friendly way and blew on his whsikers.

"Kutch-oo!" went the cat. He looked reproachfully at Tinkle. "Can't you see that I'm crying?" he asked.

"I never saw anybody cry before," said Tinkle, very much interested.

"Someone I love has been hurt," said the cat and solemnly marched into the house back of the wooden steps.

"Wait a minute!" said Tinkle, "What does 'hurt' mean?" She had perched herself just between the cat's two ears, and he couldn't shake her off.

"Naturally *you* wouldn't know," he answered. "You're only a heartless street-organ tune."

Just then a door opened and Tinkle heard a familiar voice. "Such a nice little tune!" said the voice, "And I lost it." There lay Janey on a sofa, not much hurt after all!

"Me-oww!" said the cat very loudly.

"Why there's my darling little tune again!" cried Janey, "and Pussy's brought it home to me."

VIRGINIA MACKALL

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about most of the others. The admirable Mr. Pitts Sanborn of the *Globe* varies his usual cool-headed fairness by an occasional spree like that when he squeezed the dictionary for adjectives for Marguerite d'Alvarez. These men in New York, and such others as Mr. Philip Hale in Boston, hold a large power over the future of music in America. Unfortunately, even in New York music critics abound who are thoroughly unenlightened. One paper employs in this capacity a lady with a sense for stage-setting. She knows when a gown is pretty and sometimes when a piece of music excites her. But she is said to regard herself as a critic with amusement.

Mr. Deems Taylor, successor to Huneker on the *World*, is said to restrict himself to two concerts daily. He manages to preserve his spontaneity; in fact, he is too full of enthusiasm for the dignity of his post. Cherishing freedom himself, he permits his assistant such gaucheries as the statement that Kreisler would probably be excelled by fifteen-year-old Erna Rubinstein as interpreter of a certain Mozart Concerto. Mr. Taylor is probably the one man in the critical circle who is much of a composer. Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason, professor of music at Columbia University, is a critic who holds himself aloof from the journalistic game. Mr. Mason and Mr. Taylor, human and creative as their criticisms are, are objects of an enmity with venom on its tongue. They are figures of significance in a situation which has put a premium on the development of the virtuoso vices in composer, conductor, and interpreter.

In the newspapers of cities of second rank the concert notices are often pitifully absurd, written by accident or by the office boy. Sometimes a music teacher, who may be a minor composer, will volunteer as critic. The small city is so credulous of the big city's verdicts that it worships Geraldine Farrar even before hearing her; it feels so much more the shock of her war-worn voice, and it doesn't realize that it's bad manners to say so. A young American coloratura soprano who is to be with the Metropolitan Opera Company next season has a volume of press clippings from cities like San Francisco, St. Louis, and Cleveland which she has not used for advertising purposes because of comparisons drawn in them to the detriment of a star whom New York and Chicago adore.

Musical criticism in cities of second rank has a promising example in Mr. Leonard Lanson Cline, formerly a reporter on the Detroit *News*, who, taking over the slight duties of music critic on that paper, built up a department of one-half to two pages in the Sunday edition with reports from New York and Chicago, and a series of articles, with musical examples, on the work of some American composers. During the two or three years in which he kept up this work Mr. Cline also edited a book-review section and weekly columns on painting and sculpture. How he acquitted himself of this varied task is less to the point than that he should have thought the work worth doing.

Music as an essential part of cultivated life instead of as a business or a culture in itself is evidently possible to conceive in these States. But the conception is more likely to be found flourishing outside the professional and amateur musical circles of the great cities than in them. DOROTHY J. TEALL

Drama

Grave and Gay

THE drama is threatened with eclipse. Omit Galsworthy's "Loyalties" and Hauptmann's "Rose Bernd"; what fills the dozens of playhouses? The same old sugary trivialities and the same moral nonsense. If you are a lover of art, if you want to be refreshed and sustained, it is far safer to go to the gay places which were once supposed to be too frivolous and vulgar for people of taste and culture. A union of music, decoration, and the dance is creating new art forms that are incomparably graver and deeper than anything on the average plane of the dramatic stage. I have seen the brilliant production of "Malvaloca" by the Quintero brothers (Forty-eighth Street Theater) with which the Equity Players begin their first season; I have seen "The Faithful Heart" by Monckton Hoffe (Broadhurst Theater) which good judges are praising. But I reflect for a moment about these plays and they promptly fall to pieces. Their assumptions are ridiculous; their report of human life is childish. They simply do not, as Lemaître would have said, exist.

They do not exist. But in the third act of "The Yankee Princess" (Knickerbocker Theater) there is a waltz, a somber waltz, a waltz of autumn—masses of rustling bronze and tarnished scarlet in legendary forests—by Emmerich Kalman that speaks to the soul; in the Greenwich Village Follies (Shubert Theater) there is a choral and pictorial arrangement and production of the first movement of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" which illustrates how, in a fit and noble sense, such things can be brought nearer the general heart; in the third program of Nikita Balieff's "Chauve-Souris" (Century Roof) Mme. Ershova and M. Doubinsky, in a scene by Remisoff, sing Chopin's great Etude in G major, the divinest of melodies outside of Beethoven, which includes and transcends all that words have said of our immedicable yearnings in a homeless world.

Literature is not forgotten in these entertainments. M. Balieff continues his dramatic and imaginative renderings of old French songs and ballads with "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre" and "Le joli Tambour." These interpretations are little marvels of delicacy, quaintness, and pathos. The note of pathos in the old legends has been felt and expressed with a fineness and sureness quite beyond praise. Almost on a level with these is the interpretation through dance and song and pantomime of Oscar Wilde's "The Nightingale and the Rose" in the Greenwich Village Follies in which poetry becomes pure rhythm and rhythm music and gesture song.

The decorative arts have leaped into life. M. Balieff and his associates have crashed through the old forms and traditional color harmonies with their half-humorous, half-poetical primitiveness of line and gorgeous audacities of color. Thus might a child of genius splash about the contents of its paintbox. These vermilions laugh; these yellows spring and quiver; these browns and greens lament and wail. At the Greenwich Village Follies they have taken the methods of the post-impressionists and made stage-pictures that are as wild as dreams and as inevitable as the morning.

I must not linger over the pantomime ballets or the dancers. In the current Winter Garden Show there is an Oriental scene of orgiastic splendor; a similar motif reaches a more concentrated fierceness of beauty in Balieff's interpretation of Pushkin's "Fountain of Bakhchi-Sarai"; M. Kotchetovsky still dances heroisms and splendors and despairs; Miss Ula Sharon in the Greenwich Village Follies sways like the roses of the valley whose name she bears.

And the plays? Miss Jane Cowl acts with a crispness and force that are new in her work. But this repentant Magdalen and this convent bear the same relation to serious drama that a chromo-lithograph bears to Velasquez. The scenes and shawls are handsome and Mr. Augustin Duncan is one of the best directors we have. The mind is left hungry. "Dolly Jordan" (Daly's Theater) by Mr. B. Iden Payne, who should know better, is sentiment and third-rate historical gossip—Boucicault at his sloppiest plus Dumas at his worst. "The Faithful Heart," mentioned above, has a goodly appearing surface beneath which all is silly and futile and false. Pathos is wrung from a music-box and a fog-horn. From such nonsense the mind reverts gratefully to the genuine seriousness of the Village Follies, of the Chauve-Souris. Sound art is serious whatever its form or kind; the false and shoddy is frivolous and vulgar. One number of the Chauve-Souris, even a humorous one, even Balieff's half-grotesque, half-ironical recitation of Bosworth Crocker's admirable parody ballad, has more intellectual and artistic health and energy than a wilderness of these feebly trite and tearful plays. LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

Russia's Solution of the Turkish Problem

FROM the Russian Trade Delegation at London *The Nation* prints the following note to the British Government explaining Russia's stand on the Near Eastern situation and containing her protest against what she considers an infringement of Turkish rights:

The Russian Government draws the attention of the British Government to the serious situation which has supervened in the Near East, and to the fact that none of the Western states are undertaking the necessary steps to prevent incidents which might result in dragging into the war numerous Powers who have not taken a direct part in the Greco-Turkish conflict. The situation is so menacing that only an immediate intervention in the interests of peace can localize events and preserve Southeastern Europe from new bloodshed. The latter, once begun, might involve Europe in convulsions the sinister consequences of which cannot even be foreseen.

The Russian Government considers that the root of the question of the Near East is to be found solely in the recognition of the right of the Turkish people effectively to restore its undivided sovereignty over Turkish territory, and particularly over Constantinople, the capital of Turkey, and over the Straits. The Western Powers, and foremost and most intransigent among them Great Britain, refuse to restore to Turkey the territories and the Straits which incontestably belong to her, nominally in the name of the freedom of the Straits, but in reality to maintain their own domination over them.

The freedom of the Straits is above all necessary for the Powers adjoining the Black Sea—Russia and her allies, and Turkey—who hold the greater part of the Black Sea coast. As early as 1920, in the National Pact [printed below] for which she is fighting, Turkey recognized the freedom of the Straits for the commerce and shipping of all nations, provided the regulations were established by the interested states. The Russo-Turkish Treaty, signed in Moscow on March 16, 1921 [published in the International Relations Section of *The Nation* for September 7, 1921], contains in its fifth clause Russia's confirmation of the freedom of the Straits for commercial vessels, at the same time indicating that their international status would be determined by the Black Sea Powers. Nevertheless the official documents of the Western Powers concerning the problem of the Straits only recognize as interested in their disposal the great Powers victorious in the war of 1914, and ignore the interests of Russia. As for Turkey, she is considered solely as a subject for pourparlers. This point of view was enunciated very frankly in the communique of September 16, in which the British Government designates France and Italy as being most interested in the question of the Straits after herself.

The Russian Government must protest in the most categorical fashion against this usurpation by the Western Powers of the rights of Russia and its allied republics. Russia, with her allies the Ukraine and Georgia, holds the first place after Turkey among those who are interested in the freedom of the Straits. The Western Powers, far from denying this right, have always recognized throughout the history of the Eastern Question Russia's predominant position in international treaties on this matter. This recognition of Russian interests went so far that in 1916 the governments of the Entente, who at that time were allies of Czarist Russia, concluded a special agreement to hand over to the latter Constantinople and the Straits. The Soviet Government does not consider that the interests of Russia require the enslavement of a section of the Turkish people, and for this reason it denounced the former treaties of the Czarist Government. But the fact of a recognition of Russian interests which is so recent and which goes so far gives ground for hoping that the Western Powers will not be able today to deny Russia her predominant interests in the settlement of the question of the Straits.

The Soviet Government repeats its previous declaration that Russia will not recognize any decision taken without her participation and against her interests. Russia and Turkey have come to an agreement as to the forms in which the freedom of the Straits must be realized in practice, and Russia warns the Western governments against the repetition of mistakes founded on ignorance of the vital interests of the states affected. No decision adopted on the Straits without Russia will be either definitive or permanent. It can only prepare the way for new conflicts.

The freedom which Great Britain has in view is merely equivalent to the desire of a great maritime Power to control a route of vital importance to other states, and constantly to subject the latter to its menace. This menace is directed above all against Russia and Turkey. Great Britain is sending armed forces into the Near East, and is seeking to draw France and Italy, Jugoslavia and Rumania into the war against Turkey. The objects of the war thus organized are, as appears from the British official communique, the defense of Constantinople and the neutral zone and the preservation of Europe from a destructive attack of the Turks. As for the second point, it merits no attention, and cannot be taken seriously by any government. The defense by Great Britain and its allies of the Turkish capital against the Turkish people, the Turkish army, and the Turkish Government, which seeks only to be able to return to its legitimate seat, is a pretension which can only excite the greatest astonishment. Even the defense of the neutral zone must be considered as a violation by the armed forces of the West of Turkish sovereignty over territory which has been Turkish from time immemorial, and without which the retention of Constantinople by Turkey means only to hold the capital of the Turkish people under a perpetual military menace.

The Russian Government considers that the isolated efforts of a few states to arrive at a settlement of the Near Eastern crisis by means of a mutual understanding and without the participation of all the interested peoples cannot produce any positive results or avert the imminent risk of a new war. Russia, in virtue of her special situation in the East and on the Black Sea and as representing the interests of the peoples for whom a pacific solution of the question is a matter of the first necessity, proposes the immediate convocation of a conference of all the interested Powers, and particularly of the Black Sea states. The Russian Government trusts that its voice will be heard by all those who genuinely seek a peace founded on the equality of both sides and on the fullest respect for Turkish sovereignty over all Turkish territory.

(Signed) L. KARAKHAN
Assistant People's Commissary for Foreign Affairs
Moscow, September 24

The Turkish Nationalist Pact

DRAWN up by a Nationalist Party caucus in 1919 and adopted by the Turkish Parliament in January, 1920, the Turkish Nationalist Pact printed below states the official position of the Turks on their relations with the Allies. The following text of the Pact, furnished by Yusuf Kemal Bey, Foreign Minister at Angora, is reprinted from the New York *Times* for October 1:

The Deputies of the Ottoman Parliament, having approved and signed the national pact, of which we give below the copy,

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declare the principles therein announced to be the limit of sacrifice to which the Ottoman Parliament can consent to go in order to assure itself a just and lasting peace:

Article I. Those territories of the Ottoman Empire populated by an Arab majority and being, at the time of the armistice (October 31, 1918), occupied by the enemy armies, shall be ruled acording to the will of the local populaticns.

[These territories are Mesopotamia, Syria, Palestine, Arabia, and Egypt.]

Those parts of the empire situated on the armistice line, inhabited by a Moslem majority, united by religious and cultural ties and animated by a similar desire for the establishment of their ethical rights, form a complete whole with us which shall suffer under no pretext whatsoever any dissociation. [The territories here referred to are those of Cilicia, which was recovered by the Franco-Turkish agreement of October 20, 1921, and the Mosul province of Mesopotamia, which the British hold.]

Article II. In the case of the three sanjaks which united themselves to us by vote when they were first free, we accept a second plebiscite if necessary. [These are the sanjaks of Kars, Ardahan, and Batum in the Caucasus; the Turkish frontiers here are mapped in annexes to the Russo-Turkish Treaty and the Treaty of Kars, drawn between the Angora Government on the one hand and the Caucasian republics of Georgia, Armenia, and Azerbaijan on the other.]

Article III. The juridical status of western Thrace, which has been made dependent on the Turkish peace, shall be effected in accordance with a free plebiscite.

Article IV. The security of the city of Constantinople, which is the seat of the Caliphate of Islam, the capital of the Sultanate, and the headquarters of the Ottoman Government, and the security of the Sea of Marmora must be effected. This necessity, once put and admitted, the Ottoman Deputies are ready to subscribe to any decision which may be taken by the Imperial Government on the one hand and the interested Powers on the other, with a view to assuring the opening of the Straits to world commerce and international communication.

Article V. The rights of minorities will be confirmed by us on the same basis as they are established in other countries by conventions hitherto concluded between the Powers of the Entente, their adversaries, and certain of their associates. At the same time we have the firm conviction that the Moslem minorities of other countries shall benefit from similar guaranties.

Article VI. With a view to assuring our national and economic development, and with the end of giving the country a more regular and more modern administration, the signatories of the present pact consider the possession of complete independence and liberty as the *sine qua non* of our national existence. In consequence, we oppose all juridical or financial restrictions of any nature which would arrest our national development. [This refers to the Capitulations, which give foreigners in Turkey something like a diplomatic status.]

The conditions of settlement of our proved debts shall likewise not be contrary to these principles.

Constantinople, January 28, 1920

After-Famine Work in Russia

WITH the realization of the new harvest in Russia the famine relief work is to assume new aspects. The needs of individual famine sufferers have been greatly reduced. But new problems of relief work on a broad scale of reconstruction are taking the place of direct relief to the individual. These new problems are outlined in a number of decrees issued recently by the Soviet authorities. The decrees, taken from *Izvestia* (Moscow) for September 6, are as follows:

Instruction on the Further Work of the Commissions for the Relief of the Famine-Stricken

The struggle against the famine which began in 1921 demanded the exertion of great energy for the accomplishment of the difficult work.

Now that the harvest is over and the majority of the population of the famine-stricken provinces is gradually beginning to sustain itself, the activity of the famine relief commissions can be conducted along new lines and their machinery may be partially decreased.

The destruction of public economy caused by the famine, as well as the fact that there are in the provinces which suffered from poor harvests large numbers of orphaned children, invalids, unemployed city proletarians, impoverished peasants, and returning famine refugees puts to the famine relief commissions the task of removing the effects of the elemental disaster.

Special attention should be directed by the famine relief commissions to the work of assisting, first, the impoverished households by furnishing them with working cattle, machinery, and other material means, and second, the local authorities in the organization of public and meliorative works, craft production, etc.

Accordingly the plenum of the Central Commission for the Relief of the Famine-Stricken of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee, at its session of August 30, decided:

1. To propose to the famine relief commissions in the famine-stricken provinces the reduction of the public feeding, and its continuation only for those who were left without any other means of living as a result of the famine year.

2. To propose to all famine relief commissions the reduction of their staffs by 40 per cent and also the gradual reduction of the auxiliary organs.

At the same time the Central Commission for the Relief of the Famine-Stricken decided to point out to all provincial and regional commissions for the relief of the famine-stricken and to the Central Relief Commissions of the allied and fraternal republics the necessity of intensively continuing their work: the effects of the famine must be overcome, the economy of the stricken regions must be restored. It is also necessary to keep up the sources from which the relief committees are receiving their means: voluntary contributions, collections, and taxes.

M. Kalinin,
Chairman of the Central Commission for the Relief of the Famine-Stricken

Morgunov,
Acting Manager of the Organization-Department of the C. C. for the Relief of the Famine-Stricken of the C. E. C.

New Measures in Famine Relief

THE following resolutions for the liquidation of the Central Commission for the Relief of the Famine-Stricken in Russia and for the general reorganization of famine relief are taken from the Moscow *Izvestia* for September 9 and 15.

Resolution by the Praesidium of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee

With the gathering of the new harvest, the worst of the famine has been removed. There is no more need of extraordinary measures in the fight against the acute manifestations of the famine.

At the present moment the main problem is to liquidate the effects of the famine: to assist in the restoration of the destroyed households of the famine refugees and of those who own no households, and to pay special attention to the relief of sufferers by war, labor, and famine, and of the uncared-for children.

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THE PROBLEM OF CHINA

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

THE author of "Why Men Fight" was for some time professor of philosophy in a Chinese university, and he has long studied with sympathetic understanding the history of the Chinese and their position among the nations of today. Whether we like it or not, our interests are already inextricably bound up with those of the Chinese and whatever vitally affects them will certainly affect us to a degree demanding at least understanding on our part. The Chinese are interesting enough because they are as they are; and Bertrand Russell may be relied upon to present "The Problem of China" (and incidentally of ourselves) in a style of alluring brilliancy. ($1.75).

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Accordingly the Praesidium of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee decides:

1. The Central Commission for the Relief of the Famine-Stricken of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee established on June 21, 1921, and its local organs shall adjourn from October 15, 1922.

2. For the liquidation of the effects of the famine, to create a commission of the All-Russian C. E. C. to be composed of the Chairman, Comrade Kalinin, and the members of the All-Russian C. E. C., Comrades Vinokurov and Smidovich.

The above-named commission shall work out, in cooperation with the Central Commission for the Relief of the Famine-Stricken, the regulations as to the forms of the organization and its activity.

3. All means and obligations of the Central Commission for the Relief of the Famine-Stricken are to be transferred to the newly established commission.

M. KALININ,
Chairman of the All-Russian C. E. C.
T. SAPRONOV,
For the Secretary of the C. E. C.

Moscow, Kremlin, September 7

CIRCULAR LETTER ON SUSPENDING THE LOCAL ORGANS OF THE FAMINE RELIEF COMMISSION. TO ALL REGIONAL, PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEES, AND TO THE CENTRAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEES OF THE AUTONOMOUS AND ALLIED REPUBLICS. TO ALL FAMINE RELIEF COMMISSIONS.

In accordance with its resolution of September 7, the Praesidium of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee proposes:

1. To suspend, beginning October 15 inst., all local famine relief commissions of the autonomous and allied republics, as well as the regional, provincial, district, and volost commissions.

2. Up to October 15, the famine relief work should be continued and all obligations of the famine relief commissions should be discharged.

3. To continue the collections of contributions, taxes, etc., and on October 15 to transfer all finances to the newly established commissions for the liquidation of the effects of the famine.

4. The remaining moneys in the provinces which had suffered from the famine in 1921 shall be transferred, upon being checked off by the Workers' and Peasants' Inspection, to the newly established commissions to fight the effects of the famine. In the safe provinces, 50 per cent of the means on hand shall be immediately deposited in the Finance Department of the Central Executive Committee to the current account of the Central Commission for the Relief of the Famine-Stricken, and the other 50 per cent after the payment of obligations, and upon its being checked off by the Workers' and Peasants' Inspection shall be transferred to the newly established commissions for the liquidation of the effects of the famine.

5. Children's, Refugees', and other institutions maintained by the famine relief commissions shall be transferred to the commissions for the liquidation of the effects of the famine.

M. KALININ,
Chairman of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee and of the Central Commission for the Relief of the Famine-Stricken
T. SAPRONOV,
For the Secretary of the All-Russian C. E. C.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to a tiny children's story appearing in the center of page 445, a page which is otherwise devoted to the advertisement of children's books and music.

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